

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, Commodore Anson, Bishop Berkeley, and other celebrated characters of the time of George II., several of which have already appeared in the *LIVING AGE*, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, will be issued from this office, in book form, as soon as completed.

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THE DEATH OF EROCRIS.

A VERSION SUGGESTED BY THE SO-NAMED PICTURE OF PIEDRO DI COSIMO, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

PROCRIS the nymph had wedded Cephalus;—
Fawn-footed Procris, thrall in ancient days
To her, night-huntress on Taijgetus,
High-kirtled Dian; but in unknown ways,
His love was gone; and evermore his gaze
Turned from her own, and ever farther ranged
His woodland war; while she, in dull amaze,
Beholding with the hours her husband changed,
Sighed for his last caress, by some hard god estranged.

So, on a day, she rose and found him not.
Alone, with wet, sad eye, she watched the shade
Brighten below a soft-rayed sun that shot
Arrows of light through all the deep-leaved glade.
Then, with weak hands, she knotted up the braid
Of her brown hair, and o'er her shoulder cast
Her crimson weeds; with faltering fingers made
Her golden girdle's clasp to join, and past
Down to the trackless wood, full pale and overcast.

And all day long her slight spear devious flew,
And harmless swerved her arrows from their aim,
For ever, as the ivory bow she drew,
Before her ran the still unwounded game.
Then, at the last, a hunter's cry there came,
And, lo, a hart that panted with the chase.
Thereat her cheek was lightened as with flame,
And swift she gat her to a leafy place,
Thinking,—“I yet may chance, unseen, to see
his face.”

Leaping he went, this hunter Cephalus.
Bent in his hand his cornel bow he bare,
Supple he was, round-limbed and vigorous,
Fleet as his dogs, a lean Laconian pair.
He, when he spied the brown of Procris' hair
Move in the covert, deeming that apart
Some fawn lay hidden, loosed an arrow there;
Nor cared to turn and seek the speeded dart
Bounding above the fern, fast following up the hart.

But Procris lay among the white wind flowers,
Shot in the throat. From out the little wound
The slow blood drained, as drops in autumn showers
Drip from the leaves upon the sodden ground.
None saw her die but Lelaps, her swift hound,
That watched her dumbly with a wistful fear,
Till, with the dawn, the horned Wood-men found
And bare her gently, on a sylvan bier,
To lie beside the sea, with many an uncouth tear.
Saint Paul's. A. D.

HAMPTON COURT.

The windows of the Fountain Court
Are glittering in the moon,
But no more in the palace hall
You hear the dance and tune—
No more beyond dim corridors
Lamps spread a golden noon.

No longer from half open doors
Bursts forth a gust of song;
No longer with a roll of drums,
Sweeps by a silken throng,
With diamond stars keen glittering,
The ribbons blue among.

No pages bearing each a torch,
Now scale the lofty stair;
No ladies trip with wealth of pearls,
Banding their wealth of hair;
No white-capped cook, with flaming face,
Bears up the dish with care.

The swarthy king with heavy brows,
Paces no more the court;
Base Rochester and Killigrew
Have long since ceased to sport.
No more fair wantons at the cards
Think the long night too short.

Silent the court, and still the hall,
Lights long ago put out,
The colour's faded from the silks
That deck the walls about;
No longer at the outer gates
The noisy rabble shout.

Yet still within the fountain pool,
The gold fish steer and swim,
As when King Charles with jewelled hand
Stood paddling at the brim;
At Charing-cross he's safe in bronze,
No danger more from him!

Yet still in lonely evening hours,
When the moon has long gone in,
You hear the fountain's ceaseless tears,
As for some hopeless sin;
And far without the nightingale
Of past grief warbling.

All the Year Round.

SCENES fierce with men thy seaward current
laves,
Harsh multitudes will throng thy gentle brink;
Back with the grieving concourse of thy waves,
Home to the waters of thy childhood shrink.

Thou heedest not! thy dream is of the shore,
Thy heart is quick with life; on! to the sea!
Now will the voice of thy far streams implore,
Again amid these peaceful weeds to be!

REV. S. HAWKER.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

CONCLUDING VOLUME OF NAPOLEON'S
CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Imperial Commission charged with the collection of Napoleon's letters has just terminated its task in a rather abrupt and unsatisfactory manner; it is evident that a great many letters must have been suppressed out of consideration for families who support the present régime, and for the régime itself. The twenty-eighth and last volume embraces the period generally known as "The Hundred Days," during which time Napoleon pleaded in appeal, and tried to quash the judgment which had sent him an exile to Elba. Before landing in France he drew up various manifestoes: to the army he spoke of the victories they had gained together, and complained of the defection of Marmont and Augereau, which had compromised everything. He made a concession to the Republican party, which he had always hated more than the most rabid chouans—he called the French people "citoyens," and accepted the proffered services of Carnot. Convinced of the necessity of conciliation, he then held out his hand to the constitutional party, and offered the country the famous "additional act" which was drawn up by Benjamin Constant, and was certainly a more liberal instrument than the charter which Louis XVIII. conceded as an act of his sovereign will.

The first letters in this volume show that great difficulty was experienced in getting men and arms and money to pay the artisans engaged in mending damaged firelocks. Napoleon even proposed to purchase 100,000 stand of arms in England, and in default of men he took lads from school to fight his battles. Whilst his Majesty was yet at Lyons he wrote the following note to Ney:—"My cousin—My adjutant-general will send you your marching orders. I feel sure that on hearing of my arrival in this city you have persuaded your troops to return to the tricoloured flag. Execute the orders sent by Bertrand, and come and join me at Chalons. I shall receive you as on the morning after the battle of Borodino—NAPOLEON." Ney a few days before had accepted the command of the royal troops, and had promised to bring back "that madman in an iron cage." But if

Ney was pardoned proceedings were ordered to be taken against "le sieur de Talleyrand," Minister in Switzerland, and others. On the 10th of April, 1815, Napoleon wrote to Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl: "My cousin, you will efface from the list of Marshals the Prince of Neuchatel and the Dukes of Ragusa, Belluno, Castiglione, and Valmy," men better known as Berthier, who had long been Napoleon's chief of the staff and intimate friend; Marmont and Victor, both pretty well known to Wellington; Augereau and Kellermann, who reappeared at Quatre Bras. This order, be it remarked, was addressed to Davoust, who three months later, listening to the advice of Fouché, Duke of Otranto, and President of the Provisional Government formed in Paris after Waterloo, preferred a capitulation to accepting the offers made by Napoleon to accept as a simple general, and stop the Allies on their march to Paris.

Murat, of the snow white plume, was to be brought back to the Imperial fold if possible. On the 23rd of March the Emperor wrote to Caulaincourt: "I desire to have an analysis of all the despatches of M. de Talleyrand and the King against the King of Naples, so as to be able to communicate them to him."

In spite of all the weighty matters of State with which his Majesty had hourly to deal, his old habit of meddling with trifles was still strong in him. He must know every piece produced on the Paris stage; and on the 25th of March he wrote this highly characteristic letter to the same General Count Bertrand who had sent orders to Ney:—"M. le Comte Bertrand,—There are disputes amongst the members of my household. My first 'maitre d'hotel' shall be the one I had at Porto Ferrajo. The sieur Dousseau shall be my chief cook, the sieur Pierron my head scullion. Dismiss all individuals pretending to the contrary. Present me a simple organization for my household. I do not wish to see any persons filling two offices," &c. &c.

On the 29th of March his Majesty took a more important step. He issued a decree, the first article of which was thus couched:—"From the date of the present decree the slave trade is abolished." On the same

date he despatched a curious note to Fouché ordering him to recover some pictures, "which belonged to Prince Joseph; I had them brought from Spain." It is needless to ask how the ex-King Joseph came by them.

On the 1st of April Napoleon wrote to the Emperor of Austria in these terms:—

Monsieur my Brother and very dear Father-in-Law, — At a moment when Providence brings me back to my capital and my States, my most ardent desire is to see again the objects of my tenderest affection, my wife and my son. As a long separation has afflicted my heart, so the virtuous princess united to my destiny by your Majesty is impatient for a reunion. If the dignity of the conduct of the Empress during the time of my misfortune has increased the tenderness of your Majesty for a daughter already dear, you will understand, Sire, how much I desire the moment to arrive when I may show her my gratitude. My efforts tend solely to consolidate this throne, which the love of my people has restored to me, and to leave it one day to the infant which your Majesty has surrounded with paternal care. The duration of peace being essentially necessary, &c. &c.

The Emperor of Austria having refused to desert the Allies and send back his daughter and the young King of Rome, Meneval was directed to draw up a report of the conduct of Austria, which was to be placed before the Chamber. Napoleon furnished such notes as these:—"Meneval will mention the pain which the Empress experienced when she was torn from the Emperor. She was thirty days without sleeping after his Majesty embarked. He will dwell on the fact that the Empress is really a prisoner, since she has not been permitted to write to the Emperor, and has been forced to promise not to write, &c. &c. Meneval is to give colour to his report," as if the thirty days without sleep required an extra coating.

The following letter will give a fair idea of the offhand manner in which Napoleon treated mere artists:—"The Count de Montalivet will testify my satisfaction to Vernet for his fine picture of the battle of Marengo. I think that this picture was ordered by me and belongs to me. Give Vernet a gratification of 6,000 francs."

As early as April, Napoleon seems to

have divined the intentions of the Allies; he ordered Davoust to prepare Paris for fear of an attack, but assures him that the month of May would pass over quietly, and that nothing was to be apprehended till June. In the meantime every nerve was strained to fill up the ranks of the army. On the 20th of May the Emperor wrote to his War Minister:—"My cousin, let me know when one will be able to place the Spanish, Piedmontese, Belgian, Polish, and other foreign battalions in line;" and on the 22nd his Majesty demanded six engineers well acquainted with Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine.

On the 7th of June Napoleon opened the Chambers, and portions of his speech have lost none of their interest. He commenced by stating that he had been clothed by the people with unlimited power, that now the dearest wish of his heart was accomplished he had commenced a constitutional monarchy. He declared a monarchy necessary to France in order to guarantee her liberty; his ambition was to see France enjoy all possible freedom—he said possible, because anarchy always brought back an absolute government. The liberty of the press he considered inherent to the present constitution, nor could any change be made without altering the whole political system. He then alluded to the threatened invasion of France which might soon bring him to the frontier, and he asked the two Houses to show an example to the nation, and, like the Senate of a great people of antiquity, to prefer death rather than survive the dishonour and degradation of France. We know that this language fell exceedingly flat on the ears of the two Chambers, either owing to the unimpassioned manner in which it was delivered, or by reason of the unpleasant nature of the concluding paragraph. On the same 7th of June Soult, who had replaced Berthier, was ordered to repair to Lille incognito; he was to create a spy office, and collect intelligence from the wood-rangers of Ardennes. A few days later Napoleon left Paris, and placed himself at the head of his troops. On the 12th of June he wrote to Davoust to say that he had found at Soissons 500 Polish cavalry without horses, and a depot of Polish infantry in bad order. He directed

his War Minister to recruit two battalions amongst the Polish prisoners. He concluded his instructions with these curious words:—"I attach great importance to having the 500 Poles mounted as soon as possible, for by placing them in the advanced posts they will aid other Poles to desert!"

On the 15th of June, Prince Joseph received a letter from Baron Fain:—"Monseigneur,—It is nine in the evening. The Emperor, who has been on horseback since three in the morning, has just entered, overcome by fatigue. He has thrown himself on a bed for a few hours' sleep. He is to be on horseback again at midnight. . . . The army has forced the Sambre near Charleroi," &c. &c. On the sixteenth of June we have only three letters—a short note to Prince Joseph, in which the Emperor regrets the loss of General Letort in the body of the letter, and says he is better in a postscript; an order to Ney telling him to hold himself in readiness to march on Brussels, and acquainting him with his own movements and those of Grouchy; and finally, a despatch to Grouchy directing him to march on Sombrefe with the right wing, and evidently written early in the morning. On the 17th, there are no letters; on the 18th, merely an order to the army, dated 11 A.M., directing the attack on Mont Saint Jean by d'Erlon's corps.

There is something tragical in the way this volume ends with the sudden collapse of a great empire; on the 20th the Emperor, who had stopped in his flight at Laon, wrote his account of the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. He attributed the loss of Waterloo to Ney sacrificing his cavalry. "After eight hours' fighting the army saw with satisfaction," he said, "the battle won and the field in our power. At 8.30 P.M. the four battalions of the middle guard which had been sent up the plateau beyond Mont Saint Jean to sustain the cuirassiers, being harassed by the enemy's grape, marched forward to carry his batteries with the bayonet. The day was drawing to a close when a charge made on their flank by several squads of English threw them into disorder; the fugitives repassed the ravine; the neighbouring regiments who saw some of the guard retiring in con-

fusion thought that it was the old guard, and broke. Cries of 'All is lost' and 'The guard is repulsed' were heard." Then came a frightful panic, and it was found impossible to re-form a single corps; everything was swept away in dire confusion. The Emperor in his report made no complaint of Grouchy not coming up to save the day; he stated that after the manner in which the cavalry had been employed a decided success was not to be hoped for, "but Marshal Grouchy, having learned the movements of the Prussian corps, was following it, and this assured us a brilliant success the next day." It is clear that Napoleon's impression two days after Waterloo was that Grouchy could not have reached the field in time to have taken any part in the action of the 18th of June. As regards the Prussians, the Emperor said that early in the morning he was made aware that a column 15,000 strong had quitted the main body, and might be expected to come into action towards evening, falling on his right flank. About 3 P.M. this column commenced skirmishing with Lobau's division, and Napoleon was afterwards obliged to send his young guard and several reserve batteries to attack it before marching against the British centre. He makes no mention of more Prussian troops arriving after Bulow's corps had been driven back.

On the 21st Napoleon alighted at the Elysée and sent a message to the Chambers announcing the result of his campaign. The next day he abdicated in favour of his son. On the 25th of June Bertrand writes by order of the Emperor to Barbier, the Imperial librarian, for various works, especially works on the United States, and a complete collection of the *Moniteur*. His library was to be consigned to some house in America. On the 14th of July Napoleon wrote his memorable letter to the Prince Regent, in which he compared himself to Themistocles, and desired to place himself "under the laws of the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies." The collection closes with the protest written on board the *Bellerophon*, in which Napoleon takes history to witness that, having for twenty years made war upon the English people, he came of

his own free will to seek an asylum in England; "and what greater proof could he give her of his esteem and confidence? But how did England respond to this magnanimity? She feigned to stretch forth a hospitable hand to this enemy, and when he

had surrendered himself she immolated him." In spite of the note to Barbier, and the consignment to an American house, it is intended that we should believe that Napoleon did not contemplate crossing the Atlantic.

THE WALLS OF DAX.

2, Lloyd Street, April 3, 1869.

MAY I ask for a brief space in the columns of the *Athenæum* in which to bring before its readers the notice of a contemplated act of vandalism, about to be enacted in the south-west of France? Most antiquaries are aware that among the marvellous remains of antiquity existing on the Continent those of the Gallo-Roman towns hold conspicuous place; and that in their study and investigation there exists a source from which much comprehensive knowledge is to be derived calculated to elucidate the early history of our own country. There will be, therefore, a universal feeling of regret at the intelligence that the fine old walls at Dax have been condemned as obstructions in the path of public improvements; indeed, assent has been given by the Prefect to the demand for their removal. A few years since a similar fate awaited them, but, by the spirited exertions of some of the French antiquaries, aided by the co-operation of Mr. Charles Roach Smith, what appears now to have been but a respite was accorded them. In face of the then would be vandals, who either knew nought of the value or cared not to consider the importance of that which they were labouring to destroy, the matter was brought to the notice of the Emperor himself, who subsequently ordered the remaining walls to be spared from injury. In the fifth volume of Mr. Smith's 'Collectanea Antiqua' a full description of them appears, with illustrations of the chief points of interest, &c., with various deductions and conclusions, arrived at from personal investigation.

The town, formerly spelt D'Acs, is the third *arrondissement* in Landes, a department in the southwest of France, possessing a population of some six thousand inhabitants. It represents the Aquæ Tarbellicæ of the Romans, so called from the hot springs with which it abounds; is styled by Ptolemy the capital of the Tarbelli, Aquæ Augustæ; and by Ausonius, Aquæ Tarbelli. The walls enclosing it were formerly among the finest of such remains to be seen in France; and Mr. Smith observes, that it is "their extraordinary preservation more than anything peculiar in their construction which invests them with so much interest, it being difficult to point to any other Roman town walls, either in France or in England, or perhaps, it may be added, in the north of Europe, where so much of this primitive character and aspect is to be seen."

At the downfall of the Roman empire the town was seized by the Goths, Franks, and the Gascons, and in the tenth century was stormed by the Saracens. Let it not be reserved for the Goths of this enlightened age to rob the place of what little grandeur may remain, but rather let the antiquaries of England, with one accord, give some public expression of opinion, that may assist their foreign colleagues in their protest against the act of devastation, and, in directing further attention to the matter, perhaps influence the "powers that be" to spare these time-honoured relics of antiquity.

JOHN EDWARD PRICE.

RED RAIN. — Prodigy lovers will be gratified by the intelligence that a fall of what would in other days have been called bloody rain has lately been witnessed. A few weeks back the Neapolitans found, *Once a Week* says, their streets stained with red, and their garments spotted, with sanguinary-looking drops. Examined closely, the colouring matter of this shower was found to consist of small red grains, sensibly round, and varying from the two-hundredth to the four-hundredth part of an inch in diameter. When the mysterious element of this fall was dispelled, it was clear that the rusty particles were really dust specks drawn up by the wind from African deserts and borne with it across the Mediterranean. This is not an unprecedented phenomenon. Twenty years ago a French philosopher collected a large quantity of the same quality, and probably from the same source, from a house-top at Valence; and, again, a German found the peculiar African grit in Berlin. These facts show how pests, and plagues, and the germs of disease may be carried from country to country by the transporting power of the wind; it is not always inanimate dust that is thus wafted to immense distances. A shower of insects fell at Arâches, in Savoy, last January, which, upon examination, proved to be of a species peculiar to the forests of Central France: and a few years back, Turin was visited by millions of larvæ of a fly found nowhere but in the island of Sardinia. These are recent and well proved cases; many more striking instances might be collected from chronicles of things curious.

Public Opinion.

BOOK XIV. CHAPTER I.

MANY KINDS OF LOVE.

THE modest little dwelling of the Major became once more the place where all sought rest and found it.

As Eric had first gone to the Major to tell him of his happiness, so the Cooper also, and his betrothed, first sought the Major and Fräulein Milch, to tell their new-found joy.

Here they met Knopf, who was an especial favorite with Fräulein Milch, because he had a faculty for being taken care of; and besides he had brought her a great many books in former days, and instructed her in many things. He must always be the young ladies' school-teacher, even with Fräulein Milch.

When Knopf heard of Eric's betrothal with Manna, he said, —

"That is the way! It is the old story over again, — the story of the maiden freed from enchantment, which is a great favorite here on the Rhine. This is a new version of it. Only a youth as pure as Dornay could have set the pure virgin free."

He spoke in a kind of low, dreamy mysterious tone, which so touched the Major's heart, that he fell upon the speaker's neck, embraced and kissed him, and cried, —

"You must enter our society. You must speak so there. That is the place for you."

Knopf had come to fulfil Weidmann's commission, and to make some inquiries of Eric about the black man Adams. When the Cooper and his betrothed entered, and the Major gave them his blessing, and Fräulein Milch brought in a bottle of wine, Knopf was the merriest of the company. He could not fully say what was in his heart; but he laid his hand on the tablets in his breast-pocket, which meant, "Here is another beautiful romance for me to write down. Ah, how beautiful the world is!"

Into the midst of this joyful company came the tidings of Sonnenkamp's flight.

"And we have not yet passed sentence upon him!" cried the Major.

Fräulein Milch smiled knowingly at the Major, as much as to say, "Did I not tell you he was making fools of you?"

Without waiting to finish their wine, the Major and Knopf hurried to the Villa.

Eric was busy with the notary, and they had to wait some time before they could speak with him.

The notary had brought Eric a paper in Sonnenkamp's handwriting, which declared that he had taken with him all the property

made in slave-traffic; he appointed Weidmann and Eric guardians of his children, and arranged for Roland's being declared of age in the spring.

Another messenger came from Weidmann bringing the good news, that, according to a letter just received from Doctor Fritz, Abraham Lincoln had been elected President.

The thought passed through Eric's mind, that there might be some connection between this event and Sonnenkamp's flight.

He had no time to dwell upon the idea, for immediately after Weidmann's messenger had been admitted, the Major and Knopf entered.

News followed hard upon news. A telegram arrived, desiring Eric to go to the city and wait at the telegraph-office, as some one wished to communicate with him. The despatch was signed, "The Man from Eden."

Eric requested the Major to stay with his mother and send for Fräulein Milch to join him; at the same time he begged Knopf to bring Roland home, and prepare him as gently as he could for what had happened.

From every side, fresh difficulties poured in upon Eric. How every thing had come together! Clodwig's death, Sonnenkamp's flight, the fate of Roland, the fate of Manna — all weighed upon his heart.

As he was mounting his horse, he fortunately descried Professor Einsiedel, to whom he told in a few words what had happened, and begged him to stay with Manna.

He rode to the city. A despatch awaited him, telling that in an hour he should receive some definite tidings.

This suspense was most trying to Eric: he knew not what steps he should take next.

He walked through the city: everywhere were men and women safe in the privacy of their homes, while he and his seemed cast out into the street. He lingered long before the Justice's house. Lina was singing her favorite song from "Figaro;" and the words, "that I with roses may garland thy head," were given so feelingly, with so much suppressed emotion, that Eric's breath came hard as he listened. He knew just how it looked up there in the sitting-room. The Architect was leaning back in the red arm-chair, while his betrothed sang to him; flowers were blooming in the window; and the whole atmosphere was rich with music and perfume.

Unwilling to disturb their comfort by his heavy thoughts, he returned to the telegraph-station, and left word that he should

be sent for at the hotel if any despatch came for him.

He sat alone in a dark corner and waited. The guests were gathered about the long table with their glasses of beer before them. Their talk was dry, and seemed to make the liquor the more refreshing. Eric forced himself to listen to their chat. They talked of Paris, of London, of America; one man was going to one place, another to another, a third was coming back: the free, mobile character of the Rhineland people was spread out before him; they live as if always floating on their native stream.

Suddenly the cry was raised, —

"Hurrah! here comes the story-teller."

Eric recognized the man who had been a great favorite with all ever since he had spent his first night in the city, at the Doctor's house. He had one of those faces, red with constant drinking, whose color makes it impossible to distinguish any age short of forty, and his countenance was as mobile as if made of gutta-percha.

The new-comer winked to the bar-maid, who knew what kind of liquor he drank; then he established himself comfortably in a chair, threw open his wraps, and drew some cigar-ends out of his pocket.

"What's the news?" asked the guests.

The man gave the usual answer: "Fair weather, and nothing beside."

"Where have you been for these three days, that we have seen nothing of you?"

"Where a man can prolong his life."

"What sort of a place is that?"

"I have been in the dullnesses of the capital: and there you can prolong your life; for every day is as long as two."

"Old, old!" cried the drinkers. "Give us something new!"

"Something new! I tell you many lies have no truth in them, and those often the best. But go out among the boats yonder; there's a jolly life going on in the cabin. Each one brings his own cook-book to the wedding, and then they marry the messes together."

The speaker was ridiculed on all sides for having nothing but such nonsense, such dry husks, to give them.

"If you will keep quiet, I will tell you a story; but first, one of you must go out to the Rhine, that he may be able to bear me witness afterwards that my story is true, as the old forester says."

A cooper was sent out to the boat that lay at anchor in the Rhine, and, after letting him know what he was to inquire about, the man began, —

"I do have the luck of falling in with

the best stories! they come without my looking for them."

"Let us hear! let us hear! Is it about that big Sonnenkamp, or about the handsome Countess?"

"Ah, bah! that would be stale: this is one fresh from the oven. It is called the loves of the 'Lorelei' and the 'Beethoven,' or a sucking pig as matchmaker. Oh, yes! you may laugh, but you will see that it is all true. To begin, then. You know the steward of the 'Lorelei?' — the great Multiplication-table they call him. A man of standing he is, and an honest one, too; for he honestly confesses, that, by a skilful adding up of accounts, he has added together a pretty little property for himself. Now, he is single, frightfully so. He can eat and drink, but —"

"Yes, yes; we know him. What next?"

"Don't interrupt me. I must not anticipate my story: it is enough for me if I know it myself. So, then, the state of the case is this: the captain of the 'Lorelei,' you know him, that tall Baumlange, he was steersman on board the 'Adolph' for some years; he managed to make his cook's mouth water for the stewardess of the 'Beethoven,' a round, dainty little body, and two years a widow. Greetings were exchanged between the paper cap and the muslin; but they never spoke together except for a few minutes a fortnight ago at Cologne, when the 'Lorelei' and the 'Beethoven' lay side by side. Since that time, the great Multiplication-table smiled graciously upon the 'Lorelei,' but would not hear of marriage. His great delight is to get up a nice little dish that no one should know any thing about; and so one day he prepared a neat little sucking-pig, that was to be roasted on the morrow. Now, his captain knew, that the next day, and that is to-day, the two boats would anchor here together for the night: so he steals the pig, and hands it to a fellow-captain, who, in turn, delivers it to the widow of the 'Beethoven,' with directions to serve it up nicely, and something else with it, which order she obeys with a good will. Then the Captain invites his steward to supper on board the 'Beethoven;' and, since the stewardess has furnished the meat, it was but fair that the 'Lorelei' Multiplication-table should add the wine. They sit down to supper on board the 'Beethoven,' the stewardess of course, with them, and all goes on merrily. The Multiplication-table said a pig could not be better served, and that it was almost as fine a one as his. Then the trick came out; but they took it in good part, and the

upshot of it all was, that the two were betrothed over the little pig."

The story-teller had got thus far in his tale, when the cooper returned with the Captain of the 'Lorelei,' who confirmed the whole history. The merriment became noisy and riotous; and the Captain told how the newly-betrothed couple were sitting together, and how the same tastes were in both of them. They collected all the gold they could in the summer, and now they were sitting and laughing together as they polished it up with soap-suds.

Eric listened to it all as if he were in another world. There are still those, then, who can take life lightly: a change for the better must come in time.

Now the pilot entered, who, as custom required, had been taken on board the steamer for a little while, to steer it through the part of the stream he was familiar with. He amazed the company by telling them that, the night before, in the storm, the Countess von Wolfsgarten and Herr Sonnenkamp had gone down the river: he had recognized them both distinctly.

Eric had risen from his seat to question the man further, when he was summoned to the telegraph station. The despatch, which was signed, like the first, "the man from Eden," was to the effect that the writer was to sail the next morning for the New World, and that if, in the course of a year, no further tidings were received from him, he might be considered dead. It almost seemed as if the last part of the telegram could not have been correctly written; for the question was asked, whether Frau Ceres was living, and in what condition. In case of wishing to send any news of her to the New World, the name of a Southern paper was given, in which a paragraph should be inserted over the initials S. B.

While Eric was still holding the despatch in his hand, Franken entered, and signed to him to come into an adjoining room. "I was in search of you," he said. He looked pale and agitated, and Eric was fully prepared to receive a challenge. His first question, however, was, whether Eric knew whither Sonnenkamp had fled, and how he could be addressed. Eric replied that he was not at liberty to answer that question.

"Ask him then whether"—he could hardly bring his lips to utter what he had to say,— "ask him whether there is anyone with him. No, better still, give me his address."

Eric repeated that he was not at liberty to do so. Franken gnashed his teeth with rage.

"Very well: ask him yourself, then, whether any one is with him about whom I have a right to inquire."

As the two stood side by side, looking out upon the landscape, it suddenly flashed through Eric's mind, that in this very room, at a table before this window, they had sat together that day over their new wine. Prompted by the feeling of gratitude that overpowered him, he said,—

"I regret sincerely that there should be such ill feeling between us."

"This is no time to speak of that—of that presently. If you will—no, I will ask no favors. You are to blame for all this wretched complication: you have made every one go wrong. This would never have happened but for you."

A cold shudder passed through Eric's frame. Was he in truth to blame for Bella's fall? There was an expression of humility in his face as he answered,—

"I am at your service; I am only waiting for a despatch."

"Good: I will wait with you."

Franken left the room, and walked restlessly up and down the embankment without, until the despatch arrived, and Eric summoned him.

"Very well: now put my question."

"Will you repeat your question to me once more exactly?"

"How long since you became so slow of comprehension? This then, Tell Herr Sonnenkamp, or Banfield, that if, before twelve hours are over, he does not let me know where he is, I shall take his silence as a proof that— No! ask—outright—whether my sister is with him."

Franken's lips trembled: he had grown sadly old in these few days. Here he was obliged to stand and beg for information from Sonnenkamp; information on what a subject, and at whose hands!

"Will you have the goodness," he added, "to send the answer to me at the parsonage?"

He left the room, mounted his horse, and rode away.

"Medusa sends greeting to Europe," was the answer Eric received.

As he was about to start for home, the Doctor came up: he also had heard of Bella's flight,

"That is a master-piece!" he cried. "Herr Sonnenkamp, with the most skilful diplomacy, could have done nothing better than that. Bella's flight and fall will eclipse every thing that he himself has done. This will divert tongues from him: all is eclipsed by this new development.

His children, too, will be freed from the old scandal; for the fact of Bella Franken's eloping with him will count for more than years of selling slaves. From this time we shall hear of nothing but that: all else is obliterated."

Eric did not believe that the fugitives had yet started for America.

Immediately on his return to the Villa, he was summoned to Manna.

"Have you news of him?" she said.

"Is he living?"

"Yes."

"Is he alone?"

"No."

"That, too, must we have to bear!"

"Does your mother know?"

"She only knows that father has fled; and she keeps crying, 'Henry, Henry, come back!' For hours, she has kept saying those words over and over. It is incredible how her strength holds out. O Eric! when we were in your father's library, Roland said, 'In all these books is there a fate to compare with ours?'"

All Eric's attempts to soothe her were fruitless.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHILDREN OF MAMMON.

ROLAND arrived, and Herr Weidmann with him. He had heard of his father's flight, but not of Bella's. A great change had come over the boy in these four days, especially in the lines about his mouth: its childish expression had changed into one of pride and sadness, and his whole character had gained in firmness. He went directly to his mother, who had not once paused in her cry of, "Henry, Henry, come back! Henry, I will give you my ornaments: come back!"

She appeared not to have noticed Roland's absence, and showed no surprise now at seeing him. She only said,—

"Your father will soon come back: he is only gone for a vessel, a great vessel; he sits at the helm, he guides!"—

For the first time in his life, Roland was friendly and affectionate to Fräulein Perini, and thanked her warmly for her fidelity to his mother.

Fräulein Perini replied, that she was sure the young master would treat her kindly, and not forget her services. Roland hardly understood her meaning.

He went to Manna, he went to the Professorin, and had for every one a word of encouragement.

The notary came, and, on being asked if he had received any further news, answered hesitatingly, and fell back upon his power of attorney.

Roland, Manna, Eric, and Weidmann were summoned into the great hall; and, as they entered the room which his father had left, Roland for the first time shed tears, and threw himself on his sister's neck. But he quickly recovered his composure.

The lawyer told them that he knew the secret of opening the great fire-proof safe that was built into the wall on one side of the room. The keys lay in the writing-desk, and the mysterious word which the letters must be made to spell before the keys would turn the locks, was Manna.

"My name!" cried Manna, more touched than she could tell at her father's thus opening the rich treasures of his wealth with her name. To the notary's amazement, she grasped Eric's hand.

A strange chill spread through the room as the great safe was opened.

On the top lay a little box labelled, "My last will and testament." They opened it. A sealed paper lay in it on which was written, "To be opened immediately after my death." These words, however, had been erased, and beneath them was written, "To be opened six months after my disappearance."

Every thing was in perfect order. In different compartments lay the notes of hand, state bonds of all the countries in Europe, and more still of America, deeds of mining companies and of various banking-houses; there were papers of every sort and color: all the shades of the rainbow were represented.

Roland and Manna hardly heard the great sums that were named. They fixed their eyes with the curiosity of children upon separate valuable documents as they were taken out. That is money then—

Manna turned to Eric, with a timid entreaty that he would do and say in her place all that was necessary: she felt her head growing dizzy.

Eric replied, that he hoped she would not have the affectation of those persons who receive thoughtlessly the burden of great wealth without being willing to learn their own position in the world.

"I do not understand," said Manna. In view of all these great possessions she addressed him for the first time by the familiar German "Thou" in the presence of others.

"You will soon learn to understand it. We are children of the actual world; and,

if we cannot preserve our ideality in the midst of the actual world, we have no ideality. We will learn together to use aright this immense wealth. This is the first time, too, that I ever saw such a vast amount."

"It is a great thought that the whole world is made up of debtors and creditors," exclaimed Roland.

Still greater was the amazement of the children when the lower drawer was opened, which, being on casters, was easily drawn out in spite of its great weight.

Here lay piles of gold from the mint, and gold in bars.

Roland and Manna involuntarily knelt down, like little children, and felt of it. After the notary had sat down to his writing in the adjoining room, and Eric and Weidmann had been called away, they remained still upon the floor, gazing wonderingly at the gold and then in one another's faces. Manna was the first to recover her voice.

"Are we not like the children who lost their way in the wood, and stumbled upon hidden treasure? But"—

She could not finish her sentence; for what she wanted to say was, "an evil spirit guards the gold."

"Come," said Roland, "lay your hand here on mine and on the gold. This gold shall do good, only good, and always good, and shall make amends for the past. We swear it."

"Yes, we swear it," repeated Manna. "Ah! if only our father may not have to be suffering want out in the world, while we here have all things in abundance. Perhaps he is seeking a shelter, while these luxurious rooms are his own. Oh! why do men strive for riches, and sell their own brothers? O God, why dost thou suffer it? Take all that we have, and drive the iniquity out of the world."

The girl's tears fell upon the gleaming gold. Roland soothed her, and laid her head on his breast; and so the two children knelt in silence before the glittering gold.

"Now we have had enough of this," said Roland at last. "We must be strong: we have great duties before us."

Almost with an angry hand, he pushed in the heavy drawer; and as they rose to their feet, while the boy still had hold of the door of the great safe to shut it, the Major, Knopf, and the negro Adams, entered.

For a moment, Roland and Manna stood motionless: then Roland ran up to the black man, embraced him, and exclaimed with a loud cry,—

"Let this make atonement to your whole race, to all your brothers! Come, Manna; give him your hand, embrace him: we owe it to him."

Manna approached, but with difficulty held out her hand to him; she trembled as she did it.

Adams held her hand long and firmly; and a shiver, a shudder, which made her blood stand still, shot through her whole frame.

With a great effort she controlled herself, and said in English, she hardly knew why,—

"We welcome you as a brother."

"Yes," cried Roland, "you shall counsel us, you shall help us, we will do every thing through you."

Manna whispered to Roland that they would give Adams at once a handsome sum of money; but Roland explained, that, although they must undoubtedly provide generously for Adams, it would be better first to find out if he understood the proper use of money.

Manna looked at her brother in wonder.

The notary now came from the adjoining room. Eric and Weidmann returned, and signed a receipt for the whole amount.

Eric now learned for the first time that Roland had insisted on Adams being brought. Knopf said in an aside to Eric, that he might be proud of the boy: there was great strength of character in him. He had repeatedly said that he must show he felt no hatred towards the innocent cause of this great calamity, and that, instead of persecuting the negro, he was bound to show him kindness.

Weidmann urged Adams's immediate departure from the Villa, fearing the effect that a chance meeting with him might have upon Frau Ceres, associated as his appearance would be with recollections of her home. He advised the man's going with him to Mattenheim: but Roland begged that Adams might be allowed to remain till he himself went back to Mattenheim; and the Major joyfully agreed to take him home with him.

Eric was incensed that Knopf should have brought Adams at all; but Knopf told how he had met the negro on the way to the Villa, and, with an air of triumph, went on to tell what a model of knavery the fellow was. He had devised a plan for going to Sonnenkamp, openly expressing repentance for his deed, and offering to appear as a false witness, on condition of being handsomely paid for it. He was beside

himself, therefore, when he learned that Sonnenkamp had fled, and his false testimony was of no value.

An important consultation took place in Sonnenkamp's room, upon the subject of a new enterprise which Weidmann had in contemplation. He was about to purchase a large estate three leagues from Mattenheim, in the direction of the mountains, and asked Roland and Eric if they would not invest a considerable sum in the land. He wanted to make the attempt to settle a new village there, in combination with an old design of his, of attracting artisans by establishing them on small pieces of land of their own.

Eric questioned whether they would have a right to use this money in a foreign land for the benefit of foreigners; and, besides, at present they were only stewards of the property.

Weidmann praised his caution, but convinced him that this was a safe investment, and one that would be of benefit to many. He promised not to act alone, but to take the advice of the Banker in the matter. Security should be given that the amount of capital invested should be set free again in a certain number of years.

That evening, Weidmann departed for Mattenheim with a great chest of gold.

Eric was to bring the papers to the city, and then deliver them into the Banker's keeping.

CHAPTER III.

A SON OF HAM.

ON no one of the persons interested in Villa Eden, had the startling events that had taken place produced a greater impression than on the Major. He could find no rest at home, and, since hearing Sonnenkamp's statement, he had lost the best possession he had, — his sound, healthful sleep. He wandered about restlessly all day, often talking with Laadi, throwing the dog sometimes a mushroom fried in fat, and then punishing her severely when she tried to eat it. At night, his inward excitement was so great, that he kept talking in a low voice to himself, and occasionally even roused Fräulein Milch in the hope that she would dispel the disturbing thoughts. Sonnenkamp's flight, and now the news that Bella had gone with him, increased the distemper of his mind.

He summoned all his strength when Knopf brought in the negro, received him most cordially, and insisted upon his staying in his house first. Adams consented; and

the Major took him at once to the castle, where the work was still going on.

Fräulein Milch confessed to Herr Knopf that she was oppressed by a fear she could not control, and begged him to stay with them; but he regretted that his duties to Prince Valerian made his stay impossible. So far from allaying Fräulein Milch's anxieties, he rather increased them by the satisfaction with which he dwelt upon the consummate knavery of this Adams.

"I take delight," he repeated, "in observing what a savage the fellow is. A savage nature is not soft, not good-natured, but sly as a tiger-cat. After all, how can you expect a slave to be a model of virtue, and an example of all that is good?"

The good-natured, soft-hearted Knopf took a real pleasure in knowing consummate rascals like Sonnenkamp and Adams. When he had discovered evil in a man, he carried it to extremes at once, like all idealists: the man must instantly be a consummate villain. The royal descent that Adams boasted of, was, according to him, nothing but a lie: he was usurping the character of some man of princely blood who had been drowned. "For," added Knopf, with great satisfaction, "he could not have taken the stamped sailing papers from him before he was launched on the sea of eternity."

He declared to Fräulein Milch that he had caught Adams in the lie; for the man had made a mistake in the dates: and Knopf was not a teacher of history, with all the dates at his tongue's end, for nothing.

On the Major's return with Adams, his disease fairly broke out, and he was obliged to take to his bed.

The Doctor came, and administered soothing remedies, which relieved the Major; but he had no soothing remedies for Fräulein Milch. She was to receive these from a man who had no knowledge of medicine. When the Professorin could not be with Fräulein Milch to relieve her loneliness, and keep up her courage, she sent Professor Einsiedel; and to him the poor woman confided all her uneasiness with regard to Adams. The man would engage in no occupation; he could drink and smoke all day; but that was all. He had worked only while he was a slave, and driven to it; and as lackey he had had nothing to do but to sit in fantastic livery upon the box of the royal coach. So there he remained in the house with Fräulein Milch, doing nothing but inspire her with an unconquerable terror. The greater her fear became,

the more pains she took to preserve a friendly manner towards him.

Only to Professor Einsiedel did she complain of the presence of the negro.

"I must take care," she said, "not to let this one black man give me a prejudice against the whole race."

"What do you mean by that?"

Fräulein Milch blushed as she replied, —

"If we do not know a foreign nation, or a foreign race, and our preconceived notions of it are unfavorable, we are very apt to consider the solitary individual who may come under our observation as a representative of the whole, and to charge upon the whole his peculiar characteristics and faults. This Adams, now, is a man who will neither learn nor labor. As a slave, he was used to being taken care of, and as a lackey the same: it would be very unjust to let him prejudice me against the whole race, and to conclude that all negroes have these peculiarities."

"Very good, very reasonable," was the Professor's verdict. "But I should like to know how you come to be so carefully on your guard against prejudices. I know very little about women, to be sure; but I had supposed this quality was not common among them."

Fräulein Milch bit her lip. This acknowledgment of the claim of every individual to be judged by his own merits had had a peculiar origin in herself; but she could not tell it. She felt the Professor's keen glance fixed upon her face, and fancied he must have discovered her secret. She waited, expecting to hear it from his lips, but he was silent: after a pause, she continued, —

"Do you not think with me that the blacks will never be free until they free themselves, until a Moses appears from among their own number, and leads them out of bondage? And do you not think, also, that this generation which has been in bondage must perish in the wilderness, and that the new generation, that has grown up in freedom, will be the one to enter the promised land of freedom?"

"You seem very familiar with the Old Testament," said the Professor.

Fräulein Milch colored up to the border of her white cap.

"But you have the right idea," continued Professor Einsiedel. "I hope you understand me. The black race has developed nothing original: as far as we can yet see, it contributes nothing to the intellectual possessions of the human family. Certainly no outsider can free them; but our new

age, the only redeemer which we acknowledge, culture, will reach and deliver them. Are you acquainted with the recent investigations into the Japhetic races?"

"Alas! no."

"Certainly; I forgot myself. But you must know that the sons of Ham, this, of course, you have learned from the Bible, are without a history: they bring nothing of their own conquest, acquisition, creation, into the great Pantheon. It is the Semitic, Japhetic races that must free the descendants of Ham.

The Professor was about to lay before Fräulein Milch the result of the latest investigations; to tell her what extraordinary discoveries had been made among the Egyptian papyri; how it was proved that the author or the compiler of the Bible had not understood Egyptian; in fact, that the contents of the Bible had existed before in Egyptian writings, and the deliverance of the slaves was the only one great act of the mythical Moses in the whole ancient world. In his delight at finding so good a listener, he was about to deliver himself at great length, when Claus came in, having been sent by the Doctor to take Adams home with him. Fräulein Milch whispered in his ear that he would have difficulty in making Adams work, at which he cried with a smile, —

"Yes, yes: slaves and rich men are alike in that. The slave does nothing because his master feeds him, and the rich man does nothing because his money feeds him."

Fräulein Milch impressed upon Claus that he must treat the black man kindly, and remember that he did not represent the black race. The field-guard laughed heartily, and carried Adams off to his house.

The dogs barked fiercely, and the women screamed in terror, when the negro appeared. The screams soon ceased; but, whenever Adams went out of the house, the dogs set up a fresh chorus of barks.

CHAPTER IV.

BELLA'S LEGACY.

WHEN the Doctor came with the Professorin, he was highly rejoiced that Adams had left the house, and still more that the Major was able to sit up in bed, and smoke his long pipe. After enjoining upon him great quiet, he went with the two women into the sitting-room, and there informed them that he had reason to be proud; for Bella had written to him from Antwerp, and to no one

else. He read the letter to them which was as follows, —

"You alone are no puppet; you never made a pretence of friendship for me, and therefore you shall have a keepsake. I give you my parrot. The parrot is the masterpiece of creation: he says nothing but what he is taught. Adieu!

"BELLA."

The ladies exchanged glances of surprise; and Fräulein Milch rejoiced the Doctor by saying, for once in her life, an unkind word; for she could not help expressing pleasure that Frau Bella had come to such an end. The Doctor, on the other hand, said, in a tone of complaint, —

"I feel a want now that she is gone. I miss in her a sort of barometer of thought and an interesting object of study. Strange! now that this woman is gone we see, for the first time, how widely her influence was extended, — more widely perhaps than was her due. But still the story pleases me, as a proof that there still exist persons of courage and strong will."

"You like eccentricity," suggested the Professorin.

"Oh, no! What seems eccentric to others appears to me the only natural and consistent course. Bella could not have acted otherwise than she has: this very step was a part of her heroism. Your son can tell you that I suspected something of this sort before it happened. There is much in common between Bella and Sonnenkamp. Both are quick and clear in judgment where others are concerned; but, when self is touched, they are tyrannical, malicious, and self-asserting. And, now that she is fairly gone, I may say that she has fled a murderer: to be sure, she did not kill Clodwig with poison or dagger, but she smote him to the heart with killing words and thoughts. He confessed to me that it was so, and now I may repeat it."

"I am confounded," said the Professorin. "With all her culture, how were such things possible?"

"That was just it," broke in the Doctor delighted. "All this intellectual life was nothing to Frau Bella: she found herself in it, she knew not how. She had to destroy something, or what would she have done with all this culture? Formerly there was hypocrisy only in religion; now there is hypocrisy in education. But, no: Frau Bella was no hypocrite, neither was she really ill-natured; she was simply crude."

"Crude?"

"Yes. Thought of others educates at once the heart and the mind; Frau Bella thought only and always of herself, of what she had to say and to feel."

"Do you think," asked the Professorin with some hesitation, "that these two persons can be happy together for a single hour?"

"Certainly not, according to our ideas of happiness. They have no real affection for each other: pride and disappointment, and a desire to shock the world, have induced them to make their escape together. There is one other motive which persons like us cannot enter into. I tried for a long time to discover it, and believe at last that I have succeeded: it is the consciousness of beauty. I am a beauty: that is a principle on which a whole system is founded. Other people are only made for the purpose of seeing and admiring the beauty. Bella committed an act of treason against herself when she married Clodwig: she could not have done it except in a moment of forgetfulness of this great principle. But how can we judge such people aright? The longer I live, the more clearly I see that human beings are not alike: they are of different species."

"You want to provoke us by heresies."

"By no means: that is the reason why this anti-slavery fever is distasteful to me. This claiming equality for all men is a wrong."

"A wrong?"

"Yes. Men are not all the same kind of beings; one is a nightingale that sings on a tree; another is a frog that croaks in the marsh. Now, to require of the frog that he should sing up in a tree is a wrong, a perversion of Nature. Let the frog alone in his marsh, he is very well off there, and to him and his wife his song sounds as sweet as that of the bird to his mate. Men are of different kinds."

The Major called from his room to know what the Doctor was talking so loudly and excitedly about. Fräulein Milch soothed him by telling him it was nothing for a sick man to hear, though she confessed that they had been talking of Bella. As she re-entered the sitting-room, a messenger arrived from Villa Eden with intelligence which summoned the Doctor and the Professorin thither instantly: Frau Ceres was dangerously ill.

The Doctor and the Professorin made all haste back to the Villa.

From The Athenæum.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

ELEVEN hundred pages make a pretty large canvas on which to paint the cartoon of a life. Landor was not a man of the highest class, though his rank in literature was higher than a careless reader, judging by the popular indifference to his works in either prose or verse, might deem. He was equal to Southey, about whom a bigger book was printed some years ago. But that bigger book is dead and gone. There is not much to tell of Landor; and what there is to say, though striking in form, has little variety and still less colour. A small volume might have been pleasantly filled with personal manners and domestic story. More than this the record will not bear.

The conclusion to be drawn from this book is, that Landor was a failure, not in detail only, but in mass; that he failed, as it were, through the laws of his own being, by the action of a temper radically unsocial, and the violence of an intellect radically unsound.

When the book is read and the boards are closed, the main impression left on the mind is this, — That Landor was a man with whom it was impossible to *live*. What was said of Byron in respect to women would seem to have been true of Landor in respect to men; he *must* fall out with them. Men who were divided from him by seas and alps had a chance of being his friends; no others. From first to last, he displayed a pride, a pretence, an insensibility, which were almost beyond example in men whose talents are devoted to the arts.

Here are the facts, in their briefest form.

He claimed a pedigree to which he had no right. He made his father wretched, and left his mother to pine and die alone. He was a dull fellow, who could hardly be taught the commonest things — such as ciphering and dancing — at an age when other lads pick them up. At home he was idle, saucy, headstrong. Trouble went with him to school and college. He was expelled from Rugby; he was expelled from Oxford. No attempt is made to reduce the odium of his conduct on these occasions; for explanation is difficult and exculpation impossible. In the first case, he had to leave Rugby on account of a row with the head master about a Latin verse; and in the second case, he had to quit Oxford on account of firing a loaded gun at the window of a fellow collegian. He disliked the gentleman for his Tory views. Questioned about

that gun, he told a wilful lie, as he had afterwards to confess with burning shame. When he passed from school into society, his vanity led him to believe that women were in love with him, who no more cared for him than for a barber's block. He was so completely careless and forgetful of the truth as truth, that his friendly painter has to explain that his word is *never* to be taken in things which concern himself, unless it is backed by evidence of a safer sort. After quarrelling with his tutors and his fellow students, he quarrelled finally with his father, insulted the guests in his mother's house, and left his home in a rage which seems never to have passed away. To his parents, his bearing was that of a savage. He fled from his home and from society because people would not endure his brutal ways. In truth, he rather affected the style of a beast in his dress and voice. No one could please him better than by saying that he was like a lion; that his hair was a mane; that his shout was a roar. In his laughter, which was a thing to fear, he took pains to imitate the growl and snap of the king of beasts. To his father's grief, he roared in season and out of season. That Landor was a republican in politics is not to be urged against him; Milton and Sydney were republicans; but his father was a Tory, to whom he knew that republican doctrine was worse than heresy; and in the domestic circle he took care to clothe his political views in language which would have been intolerable from the lips of any gentleman in any place. Before his father's Tory guests, he expressed his wish "that the French would invade England, and assist us in hanging George the Third between two such thieves as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York." On this occasion his mother boxed his ears; but the young savage rose upon her with a fierce shout — "I'd advise you, mother, not to try that sort of a thing again!" She never afterwards dared to correct his manners and to soothe his rage. When 'Gebir' came out, and failed, he penned a bitter personal attack on more than one writer, in the hope of hitting a contemptuous reviewer of his work. Mr. Forster describes his conduct on that occasion as "coarsely wrong."

He praised 'Kehama,' while Southey puffed 'Gebir.' In the long list of foolish letters from poet to poet, there is nothing more fulsome, and indeed foolish, than the mutual admiration of these two men. 'Ca' me, ca' thee! He wrote verses, Byron said, which "vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity." He despised Spenser; he admired Charron; he declared that his own prose

* *Walter Savage Landor: a Biography.* By John Forster. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

writings were among the best that had ever appeared in print. The French were by turns the objects of his warmest praise and his wildest denunciation. On the Spaniards rising against the French, he went to Spain, proposing to pay a regiment of patriots and to fight as a soldier in the ranks. But he had a deadly quarrel on his hands in a month; and at the end of a second month he had left the insurgent country in disgust. He married a young lady for whom he hardly cared; chiefly, it would seem, to spite his friends and surprise the world. He took his wife to Jersey, and then he ran away from her. After a quick reconciliation he carried her to Italy, where he quarrelled with everybody in turn, and of course with his wife. He told official persons they were fools, and even threatened them with his cane. He knocked the hat off his landlord's head, and kicked this landlord, a poor old Marquis, out of his own house. Leaving his children and their mother in Florence, he came back to England; settled in Bath, which his wife hated, and lived there as a bachelor for many years, until a scandalous accusation and a public trial compelled him to quit his country for ever.

All these facts make up an ugly picture; and all these facts are undeniably true.

But are they the whole of Landor? No; ten times no. If they were half, eleven pages would have been enough for all that was worth recording of such a man. The "grim cognomen" would have had no interest for a generation which has business of its own, and which has happily forgotten those wars of the frogs and mice which Southey — poor fellow! — supposed would be the intellectual wonder of all coming ages. But Landor was something more than a naughty boy and an ungovernable man. He was a ripe scholar, a close thinker, a powerful artist. In literature he held, and holds, a place apart. Even the high value which he set upon his 'Imaginary Conversations' is hardly too high for their extraordinary merit. For strength, lucidity, and sculptsqueness, no prose in the English language comes abreast of them. Let any man with a fine sense of art in words compare ten pages of Landor and Macaulay at their best. Landor is gold and marble, where Macaulay is tinfoil and mosaic. Apart from this prime excellence, Landor had genius, courage, nobleness; each on a grand scale and of the highest kind. The faults which every eye could see in him were balanced by splendid merits, though these were often of the sort to which common eyes are blind. A nature prodigal and generous, a temper warm, confiding and unselfish, could not be

denied him; and men with any subtlety of insight could not fail to see that his vices were but virtues gone astray — the virtues of that antique world of Pagan gods and Pagan heroes, in which, for good and ill, he was content to live.

Nor is it clear that Landor's rush of leonine wrath was anything more than a phrensy used for the sake of Art. The exaggeration is often so gross as to have the effect of high comedy; and we are constantly tickled by the thought that much of what makes us laugh was merely meant for sport. In no other way can we explain the hectoring tone, the lordly air, and the boastful words so frequently assumed. If Landor could be taken as meaning what he said, he would be regarded as the greatest bully and ruffian that ever lived. Such is not the way in which Lawrence Boythorn — openly meant for Savage Landor — is shown to the reader of 'Bleak House.' That explosive gentleman is a comic character, with a certain consciousness of his amusing side. When Boythorn bellows — "We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. . . . I could have that fellow shot without the least remorse" — we all begin to laugh. Now these were Landor's phrases. When the smallest pebble broke the flow of his discourse, he would dash off into such grotesque denunciation as to defy anybody to keep his face. "That fellow," he one day roared to the writer of these lines, then sitting in the garden of his Tuscan villa, "was the greatest rascal that ever lived, and his father before him was, next to him, the greatest rascal that ever lived." He owed the man no grudge, and his exceeding violence was but a form of his tempestuous humour. Many odd passages of his life may be fairly read, we think, in the light of this suggestion. Landor no more meant to hang the Archbishop of Canterbury than Boythorn wished to throttle the Master in Chancery. In both cases, the very small canary might have been eating "out of his hand." It is true that Landor hated George the Third, whom he sent (poetically) to another place than that which Southey had prepared for the poor old King; but he had no actual wish to see the Most Reverend Dr. Moore and the Most Reverend Dr. Markham strung up by the French. The saucy speech which so vexed his father, and which got him a box on the ear from his mother, was only Boythorn's way.

In like manner, his affair with Stuart, at

Corunna, was such a perfect craze that in a man of his intellectual reach, it is absolutely unintelligible except as a piece of humour; mad humour if you like; but humour of some sort, — not the grave insanity which it would be if his words were taken in their literal sense. Stuart and Landor were before the Junta, in the old palace of Corunna. The room was thronged with people; fifty voices were in uproar; and many points were being discussed at once. Stuart was answering as to this and that; among other things, as to a Spaniard, who had been arrested by the Junta on suspicion of being a conspirator, and perhaps a spy. He was a poor creature, not worth the trouble of watching and feeding. "*Il est fou*," said Stuart, "*il n'a pas de l'argent*." Landor caught these words, and though he said nothing at the time to Stuart, he afterwards swore that Stuart had spoken them of himself! The charge was inconceivably absurd. Why should Stuart defame him to the Spaniard? They were engaged in the same cause, and each could help the other to serve it well. How could Stuart describe him as an idiot without money? He had spoken of Landor as a man of genius, and he knew that Landor had given 10,000 reals to the patriotic fund. Yet Boythorn raved and roared; talking, in a vein which Bobadil would have envied, of what he had not done, but would sometime do, for the satisfaction of his honour! Farce has few things richer than the words in which he describes the affair to Vaughan, who was not only Stuart's *attaché*, but his dearest friend. Stuart's words, writes Landor, "were spoken in that half-formed and that half-stifled voice which deep malignity is apt to utter, but has not power to modulate or manage. He would not dare to use such language openly; and on his return to England, whenever he gives me the opportunity, I will teach him that if any one speaks of me, his tone must be lower, or his remarks must be more true." He adds to Vaughan, "You, who remember me in my earliest years, remember that I was distinguished — was it either as a liar or a fool? Inform him if ever I broke my word, or ever endured an insult." But the height of absurdity is not yet reached. Here it is: Pelion upon Ossa, Don Armado upon Captain Bobadil: — "No action is recorded more heroic than that of Louis the Fourteenth towards the Duc de Lausun. When the King received a gross and grievous insult from his subject, he rose, threw his cane out of the window, and made this calm reply: 'I should be sorry to have caned a duke and peer of France.' Vaughan, I

should be sorry to have *done* what I may not be sorry to *do*."

We can imagine Landor crackling as he wrote these words with his lion's laughter; but not more merrily than Vaughan and Stuart must have laughed on reading them.

Not less rich in fun is the scene at Como, as it appears in Landor's description. If one could hear the Royal Delegate's side of the story the affair might wear another look. "A scoundrel," says Landor, "one Monti," wrote a sonnet against England. Landor answered it in Latin verse, which he tried to get printed in Como, together with five other pieces; but the public Censor refused his warrant, on the ground that the six pieces were all libellous. Landor, who "attributed his proceeding to ignorance," wrote to Count Strasoldo, Chief of the Council, who sent his letter to the local Royal Delegate, who, in turn, asked Landor to call and see him. Landor went; and here is the grotesque account of what occurred in that public office by the lovely lake. "He began to read a letter from Count Strasoldo, in which this fellow expressed his surprise that I should use *injurious* expressions towards the royal censor, a person immediately acting under government. He then closed the letter, and thought it requisite to make a comment upon it. He was astonished that I should write an *insolent* letter. I stopped him quietly, and said, 'Sir, the word *insolent* is never applied to a gentleman. If you had known the laws of honour or propriety you would not have used it; and if you had dared to utter it in any other place you would have received a *bella bastonata*.' At this he sprang from his chair and rang the bell. He called the guards and all the officers of the police, who live under the same roof during the daytime. With these reinforcements he pursued, 'Prepare instantly to conduct this gentleman to Milan. Sir, unless you immediately retract your words, you answer to government.' I replied, 'I never retract any word of mine; but I tell you in presence of all these persons that before I leave this room you shall retract yours.' He then pretended that he said *rather* insolent; that insolent meant disrespectful or violent; that if I had understood the language I should not have animadverted on the expression; that he expressed the sentiments of Count Strasoldo. I replied, 'I care not a *quattrino* what are the sentiments of Count Strasoldo; but he would not dare, and you may tell him that he would not dare, from me, to use any such expression towards his equal. There is not one among the guards who have called in

who would endure it. As for your sending me to Milan under arrest, do it, if you are not afraid of exposing yourself still more than you have done.' He then began talking of his honour, that he had been in the service, that the threat of a caning was not to be borne, and that if it was not for his high office he would settle the business with his sword in the square. I laughed in his face; and the rascal had the baseness to offer his hand in token of reconciliation, and to tell me what a friend he had always been of the English." This all but reaches the humorous grossness of his scene with Stuart.

These bursts of pride and wrath, though they tickle our fancies now into pleasant laughter, were but too frequently the cause of whimsical distress to the man whose forms of expression went so far beyond his actual thought. Landor put no curb on his tongue. He never spoke "by the card." He rattled off like a child, saying what came into his head—a very big head—without a care as to the way in which folk would construe his speech; though he flew into rage and riot of expostulation when his hearer represented him as thinking what he had said. A ludicrous example of this rage occurred in Emerson's account of a conversation held with Landor at Fiesole. They talked of Art; and Emerson reported that Landor preferred John of Bologna to Michael Angelo. Landor certainly said so; but when he saw his own words in print he roared and bellowed like a bitten cub. The truth was, that on the day of Emerson's visit, he had been quarrelling with an Italian neighbour, who boasted of the great sculptor's name and blood; and those who knew Landor will be sure that under the sway of such passion as he threw into his quarrels he would talk of Michael Angelo as the most pretentious of artists and the most despicable of men. Emerson thought the opinion characteristic; what was truly characteristic of Landor was the expression of an opinion which was not his own. The American writer who had come over to Europe mainly to see with his own eyes four men whose books he loved—Landor being one of the four—was quaintly puzzled and amused to find that after all his idol denied the force of words which he could not dispute having used.

Turning over a file of letters from Landor (which his biographer has not seen), we are struck no less by their good sense than by their powerful phrase. That Landor was sometimes mad—in the high sense of words—we have no doubt. That he was conscious of this madness, we have also

no doubt. He wrote so well, and so constantly at his best, that when he appears to be silly, it is more likely that he is joking than that he is weak. His writing is, indeed, so good that we should hardly expect to find a scrap from his pen in which a quick eye would not see some strength and beauty. From the brief notes now lying on our desk we shall quote two or three specimens. The first passage is on

LORD BACON.

"Few have spent more time over his writings than I have, and nobody can have estimated him more highly as a philosopher. In intellect, I always thought him next to Shakspeare, great as a philosopher, as a poet, and incomparably the most universal genius that ever existed. I only wish that Bacon had patronized him. Perhaps he thought him no better poet (if, indeed, he knew him at all in that capacity) than such people as Jonson and his fellows, all of whose works are scarcely worth a single scene in Shakspeare, setting apart a dozen or twenty of the best. However, Lord Bacon was not what Pope, and men inferior to Pope—such as Macaulay and Hallam—have represented him."

The next is on

NICE AND SAVOY.

"I place at your discretion some verses on the death of Arndt, the most illustrious defender of Germany. What would this patriot have thought of the proposal to annex Savoy, and even Nice, to France? In other words, to surrender Switzerland and Italy under the connivance of foreign powers! Is not France powerful enough, formidable enough, safe enough, already? Will she be permitted the mischievous and childish pastime of squaring with her scissors her broad territory by snipping off the edges and corners of another? Never will Europe be permanently at peace until Italy is independent and united."

While Mr. Forster has done his work well, he has omitted many things of interest to his tale. Some of Landor's friends are wholly left out of a life in which they had their part: for example, Sir Roderick Murchison, to whom the poet wrote an epistle which is full of original and curious matter. This epistle is now before us, in Landor's own hand. We need not give the whole; but two or three passages will prove the biographical interest, if not the poetic worth of this epistle:—

But sixteen paces from my century,
If years are paces, on the steep descent
I stand, and look behind: what see I there
Through the dim mist? A friend, a friend I see
If the most ignorant of mortal men
In every science dare to call him so
Whom every science rises above all
Murchison! thou art he.

Upon the bank
Of Loire thou camest to me, led by Hare,
The witty and warm-hearted, passing thro'
That shady garden whose broad tower ascends
From chamber over chamber; there I dwelt,
The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,
Books my companions, and but few beside.

Here, as we see, are a dozen touches of true biographic value. In the two volumes nothing is told about his life in Tours, except in the most general terms; nothing about the house in which the English poet dwelt; nothing of the visit of Hare and Murchison; nothing of the broad tower and the shady garden; nothing of the flowers and birds.

What follows is of deeper interest still, supplying a string of unknown facts:—

After two years the world's devastator
Was driven forth, yet only to return
And stamp again upon a fallen race.
Back to old England flew my countrymen;
Even brave Bentham, whose inventive skill
Baffled at Chasme and submerged the fleet
Of Ottoman, urged me to fly with him
Ere the distracted enemy arrived.
I wrote to Carnot: *I am here at Tours
And will remain.*" He prais'd my confidence
In the French honour; it was placed in his.
No house but mine was left unoccupied
In the whole city by the routed troops.

In the two volumes we have nothing of Bentham (another of the suppressed friends) and his urgent counsels; nothing of the letter to Carnot, and the Minister's reply; nothing of the great compliment paid to Landor by the French troops.

In like manner, Mr. Forster is barren of detail as to Southey's visit to Landor at Como. In the epistle the whole scene is brightly sketched. We see in Southey the sorrowing guest; we go out with the two poets in their walk along the lake; we listen to their speech, and take part, as it were, in their comparisons and delights:—

'Twas time, ere winter came, to cross the Alps;
Como invited me; nor long ere came
Southey, a sorrowing guest, who lately lost
His only boy. We walk aside the lake.
And mounted to the level downs above.
And, if we thought of Skiddaw, named it not.
I pointed out Bellaggio, of earth's gems
The brightest. "*We in England have as
bright.*"

Said he. What sweet illusions will arise
In other countries when ours lies behind!
He thought of Derwentwater, thought of home.

Then comes the tender sense of all that made those walks and talks so sweet being gone. Southey is no more, Hare is no more, and Landor is alone!—

Gone is he now to join his son in bliss,
Innocent each alike: one longest spared
To show that all men have not lived in vain.
Gone too is Hare: afar from us lies he
In sad Palermo, where the most accurst
Covers his bones with brothers they have slain.

Then the verse goes back to Murchison, whose prediction that gold would be found in certain parts of Australia had been lately fulfilled. The value of these personal allusions is undoubtedly great.

The point of view from which Landor can be fairly judged is one not easily gained by men who live in their own age and whose hearts beat with the youngest passion of the world. Landor was not one of them. He cared nothing for their troubles, and not much, perhaps, for their sufferings. He paid no attention to their cries; he was indifferent to their gains and losses; he had no respect for their policy, their religions and their ethics. He was an Ancient. He was a Pagan. In the midst of what he thought a selfish and slavish society, he spoke with the voice and felt with the scorn of an old democratic chief. If fate had cast him into one of the old republics, he would have been at home; taking his place among the soldiers who served her in war, the orators who controlled her in peace. Roman in his pride, Greek in his culture, he would have fired the camp with his patriotic ardour and filled the forum with his personal brawls. It is possible that he might have saved—it is more likely that he would have ruined—the republic which he loved.

Fate threw him into other times and scenes, in which he could do no good and not much harm. His great powers spent themselves in some ignoble quarrels and in three or four volumes of imperishable prose, which nobody now reads. We venture to say imperishable volumes, even in the face of such present neglect; for we do not believe that the love of such prose as the author of the 'Imaginary Conversations' wrote can ever die out in men of the English race. Plato is said to have only a dozen readers; but those dozen readers are the intellectual rulers of mankind. Landor will never gain a wide hearing for his words; but, like Plato, he will be sure of an audience fit though few.

To such readers the facts of his mortal career will always have an interest; and in their behalf we should like to see these volumes reduced to a reasonable size,—a reduction which might be made by leaving out all the criticism, much of the quotation, and some of the correspondence.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE SECRET OF PERSONAL FASCINATION.

COULD any one unravel the mystery of personal fascination, he would surely reveal stranger things than "what songs the sirens sang," or the symphony of the Abyssinian maid "playing on a dulcimer." Subtle as magnetism, inevitable as chemical attraction, problematic as the very nature of physical existence itself, this force surrounds us on every side, and goes far to make our social life the complex thing we find it. Who can tell why certain men and women exercise such influence over those around them?—an influence often totally irrespective of the circumstances usually held accountable for personal attraction. We do not speak here directly of the passion of love. We speak of the more complicated and hardly less potent fascinations to which men and women are subject in their relations as social, moral, and intellectual beings. Happily for us, our life is many-sided, and if domestic affections prove but apples of Sodom, there are sympathies awaiting us in the world beyond the fireside as pure and lasting. Thought and action will pall at times, and the mere sense of existence become a weariness to the spirit. But the spell of personal fascination holds us fast through all. There are persons here and there who can no more become common or unlovely in our eyes than the flashing meteor or the one perfect rainbow of the summer. And why?

It is little wonder that the mystery appears so inscrutable, while the facts are so contradictory. That an individual extraordinarily rich in gifts and graces should have the power of attracting others seems natural enough. Beauty in a woman, for instance, holds as legitimate a sway over all hearts as a man's eloquence. An elevated moral tone and an intellect nobly exercised should surely bear weight with inferior minds. Wit and loveliness, grace and wisdom, must certainly bestow personal sovereignty on the possessor. But on looking at facts, we find that no rule can be applied at all. A man may be wiser than Seneca, a woman more beautiful than Clytie, without possessing any immediate power over others. There are persons into whose presence we enter awestruck as *Aeneas* when crossing the threshold of the Sybil's cave; but no divine afflatus breathes on our seer, his stature dwindles down instead of attaining greater majesty, and we go away unedified and unbelieving. On the other hand, the men and women at whose feet we sit spell-

bound are frequently deficient in the very qualities that are supposed to hold the world in fee. What does ugliness count for in such a reckoning? or instability of character? or a rugged manner? or even fickleness? It often happens that of two brothers, the one who commands friends and allies by hundreds is not only inferior to the first both morally and intellectually, but inferior to the mass of men and women he bends to his will without apparent effort. As often you will find that out of several sisters the one who rules the domestic kingdom with unlimited sway, attracting and bewitching all those who enter it, is the least lovely, and perhaps the least amiable. Nay, she may be downright ugly, and yet her subtle powers of fascination perplex and defy all the handsome women of her acquaintance.

If not in moral and physical perfections then, where shall we look for the secret of this strange magnetism? Doubtless, such attributes as a melodious voice, a graceful elocution, and a characteristic manner account for much superficial admiration; but they do not account for the more lasting homage of which we speak. Go into any ordinary drawing-room and say whether the likes and dislikes of stereotyped society are insipid or no. In every circle there is sure to be one man or one woman whose powers of fascination are too strong to be always harmless. Abnormal influence over others, moreover, is apt of itself to lead to caprice and cruelty on the part of the persons who exercise it. The very intensity of the allegiance yielded by their worshippers is a temptation to submit them to another and yet another ordeal. Or it may be—and here we touch upon one of the saddest and strangest riddles that perplex the thoughtful—some fatal instinct impels us to play with our best affections as recklessly as savages play with the life they have not learned to make lovely. The game is one of alternate loss and gain; as Heine expresses it:—

Heute muss ich dafür leiden
Dass ich gestern glücklich war.

To-day we suffer for having been happy yesterday; and to-morrow we shall long for the same happiness or misery, no matter which. Life is as many faceted as a diamond. Fresh interests crowd upon us from day to day till we are in danger of being helplessly swamped by them; but none usurp the sovereignty of the person who by sheer force of affinity, idiosyncrasy, call it what you will, seems to stand nearer to us than all the rest of the world. The

domestic tie has evidently nothing to do with the question. Neither has sex, since one woman will often sway masses of women in a degree wholly marvellous. Nor can age be taken into account; men, and even women, far advanced in years are not unfrequently "the cynosure of all eyes" in a brilliant crowd. Still less must the allurements of outer circumstance presuppose an excessive influence over others. A duke may quite possibly prove a bore, and you turn from him to some shabby, apparently insignificant person, whose words hold you by magic force, whose presence seems magnified as he speaks, whose eyes flash inspiration upon you. The theory that moral supremacy and personal fascination go hand in hand is not tenable for a moment. Lamentably enough, experience teaches that the very person whose will acts upon others like a charm may be a *Comus* or a *Vivien*. If we take less extreme cases, we must allow elevation of character to have very little share in the influence exercised by one human being over many others, meaning by influence that direct, unbounded personal sway which creates enthusiasm after enthusiasm and impression after impression, which sends us away hungering and thirsting for more, which keeps us in love with life to the end.

And what is the spell? Who shall analyze the elements of this moral potion of which we all drink and are intoxicated? Mr. Lecky, in the introductory chapter to his last work, has a suggestive remark on the possibility of raising moral pathology to a science, predicting the greatest results from the study of the relations between our physical and moral natures. Not only does he think that were we acquainted with these, we might treat systematically by medicine the many varieties of mental, as we now treat bodily, disease; but that such knowledge would have a great philosophical value in throwing light upon what he calls "the filiation of our moral qualities." Perhaps advanced psychological inquiry would enable us to attribute the blind subjugation of one mind by another to its proper cause and disclose the subtle laws acting upon different dispositions as unerringly as the force of chemical attraction upon molecules. Till then we must rest content with such inductions as experience enables us to make, and they carry us but a very little way. Beyond the isolated facts that intense power of throwing oneself into the interests of others constitutes sympathy, and sympathy attracts; that from this very reason, health, without which it is almost impossible to exercise

strong sympathy, is an invariable element of personal fascination; that contrast, whether of character, outward appearance, or even circumstances, is often an allure-ment of the strongest kind; that eccentricity, or, to use a more exact word, *bizarrierie*, acts forcibly upon the imaginative, what do we know? How far is this power a gift and how far an acquirement? Why is the very fascination of some the repugnance of others? What accounts for the supreme pleasure of being led hither and thither as the potentate of our affections wills? These conclusions and inquiries lead into still wider fields of speculation. The question, for instance, whether personal fascination is wholly a natural gift or a studied acquirement deserves an essay to itself. Of the men and women who enthral and bewitch at pleasure, how many do it involuntarily and how many by the force of countless infinitesimal sacrifices on the altar of popularity? The analysis of a character coming under the last category would surely offer the strangest psychological phenomena. Brought within the focus of exact personal observation, submitted to the test of ordinary moral standards, compared with the results of every-day experience, without a doubt such a character would appear paradoxical, isolated, extravagant to the last degree. That any individual can so subordinate the manifold interests and the perplexing duties of life to an overwhelming passion for indiscriminate homage seems incredible; and yet such a passion, and the gratification of it, are by no means uncommon facts in social history. The most trifling looks, words, and actions of such persons have reference to the gratification of others; and as it is impossible to go on systematically gratifying several people at once, their triumphs, however splendid, are very dearly won. "Humanity is my game," Mr. Disraeli makes the motto of one of his heroes. It would be difficult to find one more mischievous, since the application of it is easy, and the result palpable. Make humanity your game, and whatever your moral and intellectual shortcomings may be, by dint of patience, self-devotion, and undeviating resolve, you are sure to run it down. Perhaps the attraction to be most safely affiliated to its proper source is that of contrast. Civilization has not so assimilated us but we may meet to-morrow some man or woman wholly unlike any one we have known, read of, or imagined before; and the mind is more affected by such a discovery than by the most perfect realization of preconceived gifts and qualities,

however exalted. A case in point is the way in which a woman of genius, who has emancipated herself from the trammels of conventional life, leads and impresses other women, if she likes — for there must be some voluntary exercise of this or any other power. Enthusiasm is seldom more fervid, devotion seldom more intense, than is felt by those of her sex who voluntarily sit at her feet, and as voluntarily they will give up the enticements of a fashionable life and other social advantages to retain the privilege. No more pathetic chapter could be written of a work on psychology than one which should treat of the infatuation of women for women, always delightful to begin with, but not unfrequently ending in a

painful process of disenchantment. On all infatuation must disenchantment at some time or other wait. Few, nevertheless, would not rather woo the beautiful princess of the Norse tale, who lived on the glass hill as smooth and slippery as ice, even at the risk of falls and bruises, than never enter fairy-land at all. It is easy for those to sneer at the so-called victims of personal fascination, whose very passions are subordinated to routine, but if they do not know the bitterness of re-action, neither do they comprehend those mysterious and unexpected raptures with which are heralded the kindred soul and the spirit that so welcomingly dominates our own.

AMERICA has passed through an immense civil war — the greatest civil war as far as materials and men go which the world has ever seen; and war means an immense loss of capital, and an immense disturbance of national industry. The beginning of the war causes one great shock — makes many old trades unprofitable and drives many people to new things; the end of the war causes another great shock, and again breaks up the existing course of commerce — makes articles of war unprofitable, again forces people back to produce articles of peace. Besides the great evil of these shiftings, war is an immense destroyer of capital. It is as bad economically as making a railway which an earthquake swallows up; the savings which ought to have permanently enriched mankind have gone to buying powder for guns, and in marching men to and fro. After war in every country capital tends to be scarce, because so much of it has been spent for ever in a way which yields no return. Very often, generally, perhaps, this scarcity of capital is not felt so much at the very moment of the cessation of industries encouraged by the war, and the difficulty of at once beginning or reverting to the industries encouraged by peace, often make loanable capital at first cheap after a war. The great permanent loss is disguised by a temporary plenty; but soon the effect of the temporary shiftings passes off, and the lasting poverty caused by the great squandering is felt.

Such is the underlying difficulty of America. She has spent enormous sums in her war, and this tells upon her appearance the more because it was a civil war. She has to pay the bill for both sides. For some time this peculiarity was little felt, because the South revived but little: but now the South is beginning to make a certain though a slow and painful progress, and in consequence she is coming to the North for capital. The South itself, it may be broadly said, saved nothing during the war; so far from

accumulating new riches, it consumed all that was consumable of its old capital. The North has to find means not only to begin itself again, but to start its enemy again. It is as if in England in 1816 we had been forced to find capital for France as well as for ourselves.

If the North — the Federal States as we used to call them, though already the world has half-forgotten the word — had been stationary, it could have better borne to aid the South. But it has not been stationary. On the contrary, it has been rapidly progressive. "Within the last five years," says Mr. Wells, "more cotton spindles have been put in operation, more iron furnaces erected, more iron smelted, more bars rolled, more steel made, more coal and copper mined, more lumber sawed and hewn, more houses and shops constructed, more manufacturing of different kinds started, and more petroleum collected, refined, and exported, than during any equal period in the history of the country; and this increase has been greater both as regards quality and quantity, and greater than the legitimate increase to be expected from the normal increase of wealth and population."

This great growth of Northern industry coming at the time when the Southern industry had to be re-begun, is a sufficient reason why the rate of interest should be high in New York. There has been a drain on American capital for two great simultaneous enterprises at a time when the war had prevented much new saving, even if it did not destroy old property.

Economist.

ARMED PEACE.

PEACE, Peace! What Peace, when, every day,
Firing off money tried guns rattle,
And for new arms we have to pay?

Why this is war, if not yet battle. Punch.

From The Saturday Review.

NEWMAN'S PAROCHIAL SERMONS.*

DR. NEWMAN'S Sermons stand by themselves in modern English literature; it might be said, in English literature generally. There have been equally great masterpieces of English writing in this form of composition, and there have been preachers whose theological depth, acquaintance with the heart, earnestness, tenderness, and power have not been inferior to his. But the great writers do not touch, pierce, and get hold of minds as he does, and those who are famous for the power and results of their preaching do not write as he does. His sermons have done more perhaps than any one thing to mould and quicken and brace the religious temper of our time; they have acted with equal force on those who were nearest and on those who were furthest from him in theological opinion. They have altered the whole manner of feeling towards religious subjects. We know now that they were the beginning, the signal and first beave, of a vast change that was to come over the subject; of a demand from religion of a thorough-going reality of meaning and fulfillment, which is familiar to us, but was new when it was first made. And, being this, these sermons are also among the very finest examples of what the English language of our day had done in the hands of a master. Sermons of such intense conviction and directness of purpose, combined with such originality and perfection on their purely literary side, are rare everywhere. Remarkable instances, of course, will occur to every one of the occasional exhibition of this combination, but not in so sustained and varied and unflinching a way. Between Dr. Newman and the great French school there is this difference — that they are orators, and he is as far as anything can be in a great preacher from an orator. Those who remember the tones and the voice in which the sermons were heard at St. Mary's — we may refer to professor Shairp's account in his volume on Keble, and to a recent article in the *Dublin Review* — can remember how utterly unlike an orator in all outward ways was the speaker who so strangely moved them. The notion of judging of Dr. Newman as an orator never crossed their minds. And this puts a difference between him and a remarkable person whose name has sometimes been joined with his — Mr. F. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson was a great preacher, but he was not a writer.

It is difficult to realize at present the effect produced originally by these sermons. The first feeling was that of the difference in manner from the customary sermon. People knew what an eloquent sermon was, or a learned sermon, or a philosophical sermon, or a sermon full of doctrine or pious unctio. Chalmers and Edward Irving and Robert Hall were familiar names; the University pulpit and some of the London churches had produced examples of forcible argument and severe and finished composition; and of course instances were abundant everywhere of the good, sensible, commonplace discourse; of all that was heavy, dull, and dry, and of all that was ignorant, wild, fanatical, and irrational. But no one seemed to be able, or to be expected, unless he avowedly took the buffoonery line which some of the Evangelical preachers affected, to speak in the pulpit with the directness and straightforward unconventionality with which men speak on the practical business of life. With all the thought and vigour and many beauties which were in the best sermons, there was always something forced, formal, artificial about them; something akin to that mild pomp which usually attended their delivery, with beadles in gowns ushering the preacher to the carpeted pulpit steps, with velvet cushions, and with the rustle and fulness of his robes. No one seemed to think of writing a sermon as he would write an earnest letter. A preacher must approach his subject in a kind of roundabout make-believe of preliminary and preparatory steps, as if he was introducing his hearers to what they had never heard of; make-believe difficulties and objections were overthrown by make-believe answers; an unnatural position both in speaker and hearers, an unreal state of feeling and view of facts, a systematic conventional exaggeration, seemed almost impossible to be avoided; and those who tried to escape being laboured and grandiloquent only escaped it, for the most part, by being vulgar or slovenly. The strong severe thinkers, jealous for accuracy, and loathing clap-trap as they loathed loose argument, addressed and influenced intelligence; but sermons are meant for heart and souls as well as minds, and to the heart, with its burdens, men like Whately never found their way. Those who remember the preaching of those days, before it began to be influenced by the sermons at St. Mary's, will call to mind much that was interesting, much that was ingenious, much correction of inaccurate and confused views,

* *Parochial and Plain Sermons.* By John Henry Newman, B. D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. Edited by W. J. Copeland, B. D. 8 vols. London: Rivingtons. 1868.

much manly encouragement to high principle and duty, much of refined and scholar-like writing. But for soul and warmth, and the imaginative and poetical side of the religious life, you had to go where thought and good sense were not likely to be satisfied. The contrast of Mr. Newman's preaching was not obvious at first. The outside form and look was much that of the regular best Oxford type—calm, clear, and lucid in expression, strong in its grasp, measured in statement, and far too serious to think of rhetorical ornament. But by degrees much more opened. The range of experience from which the preacher drew his materials, and to which he appealed, was something wider, subtler, and more delicate than had been commonly dealt with in his sermons. With his strong, easy, exact, elastic language, the instrument of a powerful and argumentative mind, he plunged into the deep realities of the inmost spiritual life, of which cultivated preachers had been shy. He preached so that he made you feel without doubt that it was the most real of worlds to him; he made you feel in time, in spite of yourself, that it was a real world with which you too had concern. He made you feel that he knew what he was speaking about; that his reasonings and appeals, whether you agreed with them or not, were not the language of that heated enthusiasm with which the world is so familiar; that he was speaking words which were the result of intellectual scrutiny, balancings, and decisions, as well as moral trials, of conflicts and suffering within; words of the utmost soberness belonging to deeply gauged and earnestly formed purposes. The effect of his sermons, as compared with the common run at the time, was something like what happens when in a company you have a number of people giving their views and answers about some question before them. You have opinions given of various worth and expressed with varying power, precision, and distinctness, some clever enough, some clumsy enough, but all more or less imperfect and unattractive in tone, and more or less falling short of their aim; and then, after it all, comes a voice, very sweet, very sure and clear, under whose words the discussion springs up at once to a higher level, and in which we recognize at once a mind face to face with realities, and able to seize them fast.

The first notable feature in the external form of this preaching was its terse unceremonious directness. Putting aside the verbiage and dulled circumlocution and stiff hazy phraseology of pulpit etiquette and dignity, it went straight to its point. There

was no waste of time about customary formalities. The preacher had something to say, and with a kind of austere severity he proceeded to say it. This, for instance, is the sort of way in which a sermon would begin:—

Hypocrisy is a serious word. We are accustomed to consider the hypocrite as a hateful, despicable character, and an uncommon one. How is it, then, that our Blessed Lord, when surrounded by an innumerable multitude, began, *first of all*, to warn His disciples against hypocrisy, as though they were in especial danger of becoming like those base deceivers, the Pharisees? Thus an instructive subject is opened to our consideration, which I will now pursue.—Vol. I. Sermon x.

The next thing was that, instead of rambling and straggling over a large subject, each sermon seized a single thought, or definite view, or real difficulty or objection, and kept closely and distinctly to it; and at the same time treated it with a largeness and grasp and ease which only a full command over much beyond it could give. Every sermon had a purpose and an end which no one could misunderstand. Singularly devoid of anything like excitement—calm, even, self-controlled—there was something in the preacher's resolute concentrated way of getting hold of a single defined object which reminded you of the rapid spring or unerring swoop of some strong-limbed or swift-winged creature on its quarry. Whatever you might think that he did with it, or even if it seemed to escape from him, you could have no doubt what he sought to do; there was no wavering, confused, uncertain bungling in that powerful and steady hand. Another feature was the character of the writer's English. We have learned to look upon Dr. Newman as one of the half-dozen or so of the innumerable good writers of the time who have fairly left their mark as masters on the language. Little, assuredly, as the writer originally thought of such a result, the sermons have proved a permanent gift to our literature, of the purest English, full of spring, clearness, and force. A hasty reader would perhaps at first only notice a very light, strong, easy touch, and might think, too, that it was a negligent one. But it was not negligence; real negligence means at bottom bad work, and bad work will not stand the trial of time. There are two great styles—the self-conscious, like that of Gibbon or Macaulay, where great success in expression is accompanied by an unceasing and manifest vigilance that expression shall succeed, and where you see at each step that there is or has been much care

and work in the mind, if not on the paper; and the unconscious, like that of Pascal or Swift or Hume, where nothing suggests at the moment that the writer is thinking of anything but his subject, and where the power of being able to say just what he wants to say seems to come at the writer's command, without effort, and without his troubling himself more about it than about the way in which he holds his pen. But both are equally the fruit of hard labour and honest persevering self-correction; and it is soon found out whether the apparent negligence comes of loose and slovenly habits of mind, or whether it marks the confidence of one who has mastered his instrument, and can forget himself and let himself go in using it. The free unconstrained movement of Dr. Newman's style tells any one who knows what writing is, of a very keen and exact knowledge of the subtle and refined secrets of language. With all that uncared-for play and simplicity, there was a fulness, a richness, a curious delicate music, quite instinctive and unsought for; above all, a precision and sureness of expression which people soon began to find were not within the power of most of those who tried to use language. Such English, graceful with the grace of nerve, flexibility, and power, must always have attracted attention; but it had also an ethical element which was almost inseparable from its literary characteristics. Two things powerfully determined the style of these sermons. One was the intense hold which the vast realities of religion had gained on the writer's mind, and the perfect truth with which his personality sank and faded away before their overwhelming presence; the strong instinctive shrinking, which was one of the most remarkable and certain marks of the beginners of the Oxford movement, from anything like personal display, any conscious aiming at the ornamental and brilliant, any show of gifts or courting of popular applause. Morbid and excessive or not, there can be no doubt of the stern self-containing severity which made them turn away, not only with fear, but with distaste and repugnance, from all that implied distinction or seemed to lead to honour; and the control of this austere spirit is visible, in language as well as matter, in every page of Dr. Newman's sermons.

Indeed, form and matter are clearly connected in the sermons, and depend one on another, as they probably do in all work of a high order. The matter makes and shapes the form with which it clothes itself. The obvious thing which presents itself in reading them is that, from first to last, they are

a great systematic attempt to raise the whole level of religious thought and religious life. They carry in them the evidence of a great reaction and a scornful, indignant rising up against what were going about and were currently received as adequate ideas of religion. The dryness and primness and meagreness of the common Church preaching, correct as it was in its outlines of doctrine, and sober and temperate in tone, struck cold on a mind which had caught sight, in the New Testament, of the spirit and life of its words. The recoil was even stronger from the shallowness and pretentiousness and self-display of what was popularly accepted as earnest religion; morally the preacher was revolted at its unctuous boasts and pitiful performance, and intellectually by its narrowness and meanness of thought and its thinness of colour in all its pictures of the spiritual life. From first to last, in all manner of ways, the sermons are a protest, first against coldness, but even still more against meanness, in religion. With coldness they have no sympathy, yet coldness may be broad and large and lofty in its aspects; but they have no tolerance for what makes religion little and poor and superficial, for what contracts its horizon and dwarfs its infinite greatness and vulgarizes its mystery. Open the sermons where we will, different readers will rise from them with very different results; there will be among many the strongest and most decisive disagreement; there may be impatience at dogmatic harshness, indignation at what seems overstatement and injustice, rejection of arguments and conclusions; but there will always be the sense of an unflinching nobleness in the way in which the writer thinks and speaks. It is not only that he is in earnest; it is that he has something which really is worth being in earnest for. He placed the heights of religion very high. If you have a religion like Christianity—this is the pervading note—think of it, and have it, worthily. People will differ from the preacher endlessly as to how this is to be secured. But that they will learn this lesson from the sermons, with a force with which few other writers have taught it, and that this lesson has produced its effect in our time, there can be no doubt. The only reason why it may not perhaps seem so striking to readers of this day is that the sermons have done their work, and we do not feel what they had to counteract, because they have succeeded in great measure in counteracting it. It is not too much to say that they have done more than anything else to revolutionize the whole idea of preaching in the English Church. Mr.

Robertson, in spite of himself, was as much the pupil of their school as Mr. Liddon, though both are so widely different from their master.

The theology of these sermons is a remarkable feature about them. It is remarkable in this way, that, coming from a teacher like Dr. Newman, it is nevertheless a theology which most religious readers, except the Evangelicals and some of the more extreme Liberal thinkers, can either accept heartily or be content with, as they would be content with St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis—content, not because they go along with it always, but because it is large and untechnical, just and well-measured in the proportions and relative importance of its parts. People of very different opinions turn to them, as being on the whole the fullest, deepest, most comprehensive approximation they can find to representing Christianity in a practical form. Their theology is nothing new; nor does it essentially change, though one may observe differences, and some important ones, in the course of the volumes, which embrace a period from 1825 to 1842. It is curious, indeed, to observe how early the general character of the sermons was determined, and how in the main it continues the same. Some of the first in point of date are among the "Plain Sermons;" and though they may have been subsequently retouched, yet there the keynote is plainly struck of that severe and solemn minor which reigns throughout. Their theology is throughout the accepted English theology of the Prayer-book and the great Church divines—a theology fundamentally dogmatic and sacramental, but jealously keeping the balance between obedience and faith; learned, exact, and measured, but definite and decided. The novelty was in the application of it, in the new life breathed into it, in the profound and intense feelings called forth by its ideas and objects, in the air of vastness and awe thrown about it, in the unexpected connexion of its creeds and mysteries with practical life, in the new meaning given to the old and familiar, in the acceptance in thorough earnest, and with keen purpose to call it into action, of what had been guarded and laid by with dull reverence. Dr. Newman can hardly be called in these sermons an innovator on the understood and recognized standard of Anglican doctrine; he accepted its outlines as Bishop Wilson, for instance, might have traced them. What he did was first to call forth from it what it really meant, the awful heights and depths of its current words and forms; and next, to put beside them human character and its

trials, not as they were conventionally represented and written about, but as a piercing eye and sympathizing spirit saw them in the light of our nineteenth century, and in the contradictory and complicated movements, the efforts and failures, of real life. He took theology for granted, as a Christian preacher has a right to do; he does not prove it, and only occasionally meets difficulties, or explains; but, taking it for granted, he took it at its word, in its relation to the world of actual experience.

Utterly dissatisfied with what he found current as religion, Dr. Newman sought, without leaving the old paths, to put before people a strong and energetic religion based, not on feeling or custom, but on reason and conscience; and answering, in the vastness of its range, to the mysteries of human nature, and in its power to man's capacities and aims. The Liberal religion of that day, with its ideas of natural theology or cold critical Unitarianism, was a very shallow one; the Evangelical, trusting to excitement, had worn out its excitement and had reached the stage when its formulas, poor ones at the best, had become words without meaning. Such views might do in quiet, easy-going times, if religion were an exercise at will of imagination or thought, an indulgence, an ornament, an understanding, a fashion; not if it corresponded to such a state of things as is implied in the Bible, or to man's manysided nature as it is shown in Shakespeare. The sermons reflect with merciless force the popular, superficial, comfortable thing called religion which the writer saw before him wherever he looked, and from which his mind recoiled. Such sermons as those on the "Self-wise Inquirer" and the "Religion of the Day," with its famous passage about the age not being sufficiently "gloomy and fierce in its religion," have the one-sided and unmeasured exaggeration which seems inseparable from all strong expressions of conviction, and from all deep and vehement protests against general faults; but, qualify and limit them as we may, their pictures were not imaginary ones, and there was, and is, but too much to justify them. From all this trifling with religion the sermons called on men to look into themselves. They appealed to conscience; and they appealed equally to reason and thought, to recognize what conscience is, and to deal honestly with it. They viewed religion as if projected on a background of nature and moral mystery, and surrounded by it—an infinite scene, in which our knowledge is like the Andes and Himalaya in comparison with the mass of the earth, and in which

conscience is our final guide and arbiter. No one ever brought out so impressively the sense of the impenetrable and tremendous vastness of that amid which man plays his part. In such sermons as those on the "Intermediate State," the "Invisible World," the "Greatness and Littleness of Human Life," the "Individuality of the Soul," the "Mysteriousness of our Present Being," we may see exemplified the enormous irruption into the world of modern thought of the unknown and the unknowable, as much as in the writers who, with far different objects, set against it the clearness and certainty of what we do know. But, beyond all, the sermons appealed to men to go back into their own thoughts and feelings, and there challenged them; were not the preacher's words the echoes and interpreting images of their own deepest, possibly most perplexing and baffling, experience? From first to last this was his great engine and power; from first to last he boldly used it. He claimed to read their hearts; and people felt that he did read them, their follies and their aspirations, the blended and tangled web of earnestness and dishonesty, of wishes for the best and truest, and acquiescence in makeshifts; understating what ordinary preachers make much of, bringing into prominence what they pass by without being able to see or to speak of it; keeping before his hearers the risk of mismanaging their hearts, of "all kinds of unlawful treatment of the soul." What a contrast to ordinary ways of speaking on a familiar theological doctrine is this way of bringing it into immediate relation to real feeling:—

It is easy to speak of human nature as corrupt in the general, to admit it in the general, and then get quit of the subject, as if, the doctrine being once admitted, there was nothing more to be done with it. But, in truth, we can have no real apprehension of the doctrine of our corruption till we view the structure of our minds, part by part, and dwell upon and draw out the signs of our weakness, inconsistency, and ungodliness, which are such as can arise from nothing but some strange original defect in our original nature. . . . We are in the dark about ourselves. When we act, we are groping in the dark, and may meet with a fall any moment. Here and there, perhaps, we see a little; or in our attempts to influence and move our minds, we are making experiments (as it were) with some delicate and dangerous instrument, which works we do not know how, and may produce unexpected and disastrous effects. The management of our hearts is quite above us. Under these circumstances it becomes us to look up to God. "Thou, God, seest us." Such was the consolation of the forlorn Hagar in the wilder-

ness. He knoweth whereof we are made, and He alone can uphold us. He sees with most appalling distinctness all our sins, all the windings and recesses of evil within us; yet it is our only comfort to know this, and to trust Him for help against ourselves. — Vol. i. Sermon. xiii.

The preacher contemplates human nature, not in the stiff formal language in which it had become conventional with divines to set out its shortcomings and dangers, but as a great novelist contemplates and tries to describe it; taking in all its real contradictions and anomalies, its subtle and delicate shades; fixing upon the things which strike us in ourselves or our neighbours as ways of acting and marks of character; following it through its wide and varying range, its diversified and hidden folds and subtle self-involving realities of feeling and shiftiness; touching it in all its complex sensibilities, anticipating its dim consciousness, half-raising veils which hide what it instinctively shrinks from, sending through it unexpected thrills and shocks; large-hearted in indulgence, yet exacting; most tender, yet most severe. And against all this real play of nature he sets in their full force and depth the great ideas of God, of sin, and of the Cross; and, appealing not to the intelligence of an aristocracy of choice natures, but to the needs and troubles and longings which make all men one, he claimed men's common sympathy for the heroic in purpose and standard. He warned them against being fastidious, where they should be hardy. He spoke in a way that all could understand of brave ventures, of resolutely committing themselves to truth and duty.

The most practical of sermons, the most real and natural in their way of dealing with life and conduct, they are also intensely dogmatic. The writer's whole teaching presupposes, as we all know, a dogmatic religion; and these sermons are perhaps the best vindication of it which our time, disposed to think of dogmas with suspicion, has seen. For they show, on a large scale and in actual working instances, how what is noblest, most elevated, most poetical, most free and searching in a thinker's way of regarding the wonderful scene of life, falls in naturally, and without strain, with a great dogmatic system like that of the Church. Such an example does not prove that system to be true, but proves that a dogmatic system, as such, is not the cast-iron, arbitrary, artificial thing which it is often assumed to be. It is, indeed, the most shallow of all commonplaces, intelligible in ordinary minds, but unaccountable in those of high power and range, whether

they believe or not, that a dogmatic religion is of course a hard, dry, narrow, unreal religion, without any affinities to poetry or the truth of things, or to the deeper and more sacred and powerful of human thoughts. If dogmas are not true, that is another matter; but it is the fashion to imply that dogmas are worthless, mere things of the past, without sense or substance or interest, because they are dogmas. As if Dante was not dogmatic in form and essence; as if the grandest and worthiest religious prose in the English language was not that of Hooker, nourished up amid the subtleties, but also amid the vast horizons and solemn heights, of scholastic divinity. A dogmatic system is hard in hard hands, and shallow in shallow minds, and barren in dull ones, and unreal and empty to pre-occupied and unsympathizing ones; we dwarf and distort ideas that we do not like, and when we have put them in our own shapes and in our own connexion, we call them unmeaning or impossible. Dogmas are but expedients, common to all great departments of human thought, and felt in all to be necessary, for representing what are believed as truths, for exhibiting their order and consequences, for expressing the meaning of terms, and the relations of thought. If they are wrong, they are like everything else in the world, open to be proved wrong; if they are inadequate, they are open to correction; but it is idle to sneer at them for being what they must be, if religious facts and truths are to be followed out by the thoughts and expressed by the language of man. And what dogmas are in unfriendly and incapable hands is no proof of what they may be in those who approach them as things instinct with truth and life; it is no measure of the way in which they may be inextricably interwoven with the most unquestionably living thought and feeling, as in these sermons. Jealous, too, as the preacher is for Church doctrines as the springs of Christian life, no writer of our time perhaps has so emphatically and impressively recalled the narrow limits within which human language can represent Divine realities. No one that we know of shows that he has before his mind with such intense force and distinctness the idea of God; and in proportion as a mind takes in and submits itself to the impression of that awful vision, the gulf widens between all possible human words and that which they attempt to express:—

When we have deduced what we deduce by our reason from the study of visible nature, and then read what we read in His inspired word, and find the two apparently discordant, this is the feeling which I think we ought to have in

our minds—not an impatience to do what is beyond our powers, to weigh evidence, sum up, balance, decide, reconcile, to arbitrate between the two voices of God, but a sense of the utter nothingness of worms such as we are, our plain and absolute incapacity to contemplate things as *they really are*, a perception of our emptiness before the great vision of God, of our “comeliness being turned into corruption, and our retaining no strength,” a conviction that what is put before us, whether in nature or in grace, is but an intimation, useful for particular purposes, useful for practice, useful in its department, “until the day break and the shadows flee away”; useful in such a way that the one and the other may at once be used, as two languages, as two separate approximations towards the Awful Unknown Truth, such as will not mislead us in their respective provinces. — Vol. ii. Sermon. xviii.

“I cannot persuade myself,” he says, commenting on a mysterious text of Scripture, “thus to dismiss so solemn a passage” (i. e. by saying that it is “all figurative”). “It seems a presumption to say of dim notices about the unseen world, ‘they only mean this or that,’ as if one had ascended into the third heaven, or had stood before the throne of God. No; I see herein a deep mystery, a hidden truth, which I cannot handle or define, shining ‘as jewels at the bottom of the great deep,’ darkly and tremulously, yet really there. And for this very reason, while it is neither pious nor thankful to explain away the words which convey it, while it is a duty to use them, not less a duty is it to use them humbly, diffidently, and teachably, with the thought of God before us, and of our own nothingness. — Vol. iii. Sermon. xxv.

There are two great requisites for treating properly the momentous questions and issues which have been brought before our generation. The first is accuracy—accuracy of facts, of terms, of reasoning; plain close dealing with questions in their real and actual conditions; clear, simple, honest, measured statements about things as we find them. The other is elevation, breadth, range of thought; a due sense of what these questions mean and involve; a power of looking at things from a height; a sufficient taking into account of possibilities, of our ignorance, of the real proportions of things. We have plenty of the first; we are for the most part lamentably deficient in the second. And of this, these sermons are, to those who have studied them, almost unequalled examples. Many people, no doubt, would rise from their perusal profoundly disagreeing with their teaching; but no one, it seems to us, could rise from them—with their strong effortless freedom, their lofty purpose, their generous standard, their deep and governing appreciation of divine things, their thor-

oughness, their unselfishness, their purity, their austere yet piercing sympathy — and not feel his whole way of thinking about religion permanently enlarged and raised. He will feel that he has been with one who "told him what he knew about himself and what he did not know; has read to him his wants or feelings, and comforted him by the very reading; has made him feel that there was a higher life than this life, and a brighter world than we can see; has encouraged him, or sobered him, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed." They show a man who saw very deeply into the thought of his time, and who, if he partly recoiled from it and put it back, at least equally shared it. Dr. Newman has been accused of being out of sympathy with his age, and of disparaging it. In reality, no one has proved himself more

keenly sensitive to its greatness and its wonders; only he believed that he saw something greater still. We are not of those who can accept the solution which he has accepted of the great problems which haunt our society; but he saw better than most men what those problems demand, and the variety of their often conflicting conditions. Other men, perhaps, have succeeded better in what they aimed at; but no one has attempted more, with powers and disinterestedness which justified him in attempting it. The movement which he led, and of which these sermons are the characteristic monument, is said to be a failure; but there are failures, and even mistakes, which are worth many successes of other sorts, and which are more fruitful and permanent in their effects.

BRITISH COINAGE.—An interesting Parliamentary paper was issued recently, showing the amount of gold, silver, and copper moneys coined at the Mint from the 1st January, 1859, to the 31st December, 1868, and showing also the real cost or value of the metal and the amount represented by the coin. During the period named the gold converted into currency weighed a fraction over 12,208,007 ounces. It produced 41,203,641 sovereigns, the actual value of which, however, was £4. 3s. 6d. in excess of the amount represented by the sovereigns; and it produced 12,482,565 half-sovereigns, the value of which was £6,241,284. 18s. 10d., the total value of the gold currency manufactured during the decade being £47,534,929. 17s. 4d. The total weight of silver manufactured in coins of different values ranging from florins to three-halfpenny pieces was 72,400,661 ounces. The real cost of this metal was £3,388,522. 8s. 11d., but its representative value was £3,410,181. 18s. 10d. No silver groats have been coined during the last twelve years, nor any half-crowns since 1851. The last batch of three-halfpenny pieces was made in 1862; but silver pennies are still in existence somewhere, 120 ounces of the value of £33 having been so converted in each of the last ten years. The weight of copper (or, since 1861, bronze) manufactured into pence, halfpence, and farthings, was slightly over 2,418 tons. The purchase value of this metal was £493,033. 18s. 7d., but its value as coin was £1,000,345. 1s. 6d. The period of most activity at the Mint was 1864 for the manufacture of gold, over nine millions and a half having been coined in that year; 1859 for silver; and 1862 for copper. The nominal value of the silver purchased for recoinage was £1,084,900, the Mint value of which, however, at 5s. 6d. per

ounce, was only £938,566. 6s. 5d., so that the loss by the recoinage during the ten years was £146,333. 13s. 7d. The average price paid for silver bullion purchased during the same period for manufacture into currency varied from 5s. 0 3-4d. in 1867 to 5s. 1 7-8d. in 1859 and 1866. Public Opinion.

All the Year Round.
'RESURGAM.'

SWEETHEART, though 'tis years since we parted,
Are the voices of men'ry asleep?
Though life's river rolls broadly between us,
And the ford with each day grows more deep.

When the spires of the chestnut are whitening,
And the air filled with sweet hawthorn breathing,
And the words of the birds call the cowslips
To wake up from the long winter death:

When the gray nights of winter are short'ning,
And the day opens blue-eyed and clear,
And the dawn with a faint streak of saffron,
Brings the sun of the May of the year:

When the lily looks up from the river,
And the reed from its long-frozen bed,
Are there never faint spectres arising
Of our love and our youth, from the dead?

In the song of the thrush and the black-bird,
Whose voice melts us almost to tears,
Does your heart never throw in remembrance
A bridge o'er the river of years?

From The Pall Mall Gazette, 29 May.
AMERICAN FEELING.

It is only necessary to read the newspapers and to look at the caricatures which fill our shop windows in order to appreciate the unpleasant truth contained in the cynical observation that our common language and common descent are after all the great obstacles to the establishment and preservation of a good understanding between Great Britain and the United States. Whatever we have done with respect to the Americans the French have done also, and, as Mr. Foster opportunely remarks, their Government did ten times more than ours, for nothing but our refusal to recognize the South saved the North from a contest far more trying and doubtful than that in which they were actually engaged; yet neither Mr. Sumner nor any one else lifts his voice against France, or thinks it necessary to propose to send in to the French a little bill for a few hundred millions sterling. The reason is obvious enough. There is no sting to an American in an unfriendly act on the part of the French, nor have they any claim upon the French for special consideration or sympathy. The fact that it is otherwise with us cannot, of course, be helped. For good and for evil the two nations are, and always must remain, connected together after a manner to which hardly anything else in the whole world affords much analogy. There are, however, some things which we can and which we ought to help.

We can follow the excellent advice which Balak gave to Balaam on a memorable occasion, "Neither bless them at all nor curse them at all." Blessing and cursing, indeed, have succeeded equally ill with us. A good many of us, and in particular several of our most important newspapers, have tried their hands at each process, and as they cursed them when they were in difficulties and blessed them as they returned to prosperity, it may naturally be supposed that both the blessing power and the cursing power were at a maximum when they were exerted. Since our press ceased to occupy itself with the subject, Mr. Reverdy Johnson took up the wondrous tale, and his precious balms appear to have excited a corresponding desire in his countrymen to break the heads upon which they were poured. Mr. Sumner, again, has excited more or less of a cursing fit on this side of the Atlantic, and has called forth a whole crop of caricatures, in which the sturdy Briton is defying his truculent and sallow antagonist and refusing to eat humble pie, to say nothing of leading articles in the most correct philoso-

phical and philo-American of English journals, which count up in an amiable way the injuries which in case of war England could inflict upon the United States, and estimate the chances of our being able to break up the Union, which, it is insinuated, is not by any means so thoroughly healed of its various wounds as its friends may suppose it to be. All this cannot be described as calculated to promote friendship and goodwill between the two countries. What then, it may be said, do you recommend? Simply that matters of business should be treated as such, and that England and the United States should, as far as they possibly can, cease to make invidious remarks about each other, to draw comparisons between each other's institutions and national characters, and, in a word, to rub each other's backs the wrong way. Let us do our best to cultivate a judicious indifference, and to forget, if possible, all about our common language and our common Shakspeare, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and the great Anglo-Saxon race, and the English-speaking nations, and all the rest of it; and let us, if possible, learn to see in each other a considerable number of millions of reasonable human creatures who by the nature of things are obliged to have a vast deal of intercourse, who, whether they like it or not, must visit each other, follow the same sort of pursuits, take interest in the same sorts of subjects, read the same sorts of books, and in general live the same sort of life. All this, together with prudential motives too obvious to dwell upon, affords excellent reasons for keeping the peace, but no reason at all for troubling ourselves much about what we think of or feel towards each other.

Let us judiciously let each other alone, look after our own affairs, and if questions happen to arise between us, let us discuss them sensibly and quietly in the spirit of equals and men of sense. It is simply impossible to imagine a state of things more undignified, useless, and generally contemptible than one in which two great nations are continually strutting about showing their muscles, making invidious comparisons between their respective national characters and institutions, and at intervals falling into each other's arms and swearing eternal friendship. With all the talk about English coldness and the like we are often inclined to think that England and the United States are two of the most sentimental and susceptible nations in the whole world. It is earnestly to be wished that they would cultivate more business-like feelings.

From The Examiner.

MOPSA THE FAIRY.*

Is it better to have faith in the fanciful as if it were real, or to look on the real as if it were fanciful; to read through 'Mopsa,' and accept it for truth, or to pore over Aristotle, and to dispute his every conclusion? Of course such a question can only be asked with reference to the enjoyment, and not to the advantage of the relative studies; for it is certain that Aristotle aspired to writing excellent sense, while it is equally clear that sense was about the remotest ambition that fired the authoress of 'Mopsa.' Now we admit that good nonsense may be preferable to sense where the object proposed is the highest of the two. If 'Mopsa the Fairy' implanted a taste for the "beautiful and true" in the hearts of its juvenile readers, so that to love what is good were the dominant desire inspired by its careful perusal, we should say that such nonsense was even better than sense—for the children for whom it was written. But nonsense which is nonsense only, instead of a pretext for veiling excellent ideas, can do very little good to the very little people for whom it is designedly written. In 'Mopsa' the marvellous is so constantly preferred before the useful and the improving, that the chances of the latter are unfairly reduced to a ridiculous minimum. We do not say that any injury could be done to the infantine or to the youthful mind by the severest course of preternatural Mopsas for several weeks at a time: but neither do we see what benefit could accrue from so exceptionally abstract a study. It is probable that the marvellous, when it is detached from the true, tends somewhat to falsehood or exaggeration; though when it is employed as an auxiliary to virtue, it may stir the mind to imitation. Now 'Mopsa' is a pretty and a clever little story of the purely imaginative kind; but, unfortunately, there is really nothing in it that teaches any kind of good. To carry fairies about in your pockets, or to take them out and lay them down on tables; to visit castles that have been enchanted by the sprites, or converse with parrots that turn out to be kings, are the average amusements of those abnormal beings whom it would puzzle Mr. Darwin to account for by development, or to classify with any race of anthropoids.

The instant these three fairies sprang out of Jack's pockets, they got very much larger; in fact, they became fully grown—that is to say,

they measured exactly one foot one inch in height, which, as most people know, is exactly the proper height for fairies of that tribe. The two who had sprung out first were very beautifully dressed. One had a green velvet coat, and a sword, the hilt of which was encrusted with diamonds. The second had a white spangled robe, and the loveliest rubies and emeralds round her neck and in her hair; but the third, the one who sat on Jack's knee, had a white frock and a blue sash on. She had soft, fat arms, and a face just like that of a sweet little child.

It is consistent with such eccentricity of stature, and of general personal appearance, that fairies should entertain exceptional views on the subject of eating and drinking:

As soon as you feel very hungry, lie down in the bottom of the boat, and go to sleep. You will dream that you see before you a roasted fowl, some new potatoes and an apple-pie. Mind you don't eat too much in your dream, or you will be sorry for it when you wake. That is all. Good bye. I must go.

It is pleasant to find, on the authority of the virtuous fairies, that in the fairy-world there is a home for ill-used brutes (of the quadruped form), who receive abundant consolation for the injuries they endured on earth. London cab-horses, and racers who are ridden to death, enjoy in fairyland eternal pastures of delicious grass, with not even a passing remembrance of the whip, the spur, or shaft. We should like it to be added that cruel masters are transmigrated into equine form, and compelled to do the night work for several weeks together, without the accustomed bag of eatables which is tied on to the noses. But fairies, we are informed, are not much given to moralizing, or, indeed, to any reasoning which is not purely superficial. Their philosophy does not run beyond the formula:

That that is, is; and when it is, that is the reason that it is.

They are, however, average poets; at least, the particular tribe of which this volume discourses. Thus sings a virtuous fairy on a somewhat dolorous theme:

The martin flew to the finch's nest,
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay:
"The arrow it sped to thy brown mate's breast;
Low in the broom is thy mate to-day."

"Liest thou low, love? Low in the broom?
Feathers and moss, and a wisp of hay;
Warm the white eggs till I learn his doom."
She beateth her wings, and away, away.

Ah, my sweet singer, thy days are told:
(Feathers and moss, and a wisp of hay!)

* *Mopsa the Fairy.* By Jean Ingelow. Longmans.

Thine eyes are dim, and the eggs grow cold.
O mournful morrow! O dark to-day!

The finch flew back to her cold, cold nest,
Feathers, and moss, and a wisp of hay.
Mine is the trouble that rent her breast,
And home is silent, and love is clay.

On the whole, Mopsa is a very pretty fairy tale, which will serve to while away a winter's evening, and cannot possibly do anybody, old or young, any manner of harm.

From The Spectator.

IS NAMBY-PAMBY CHRISTIAN?

THE Archbishop of York is a sensible man, but like many other sensible men, he evidently has a secret persuasion that Namby-Pamby is essentially Christian; else why should he, at the Church Conference at Sheffield, insist twice within the compass of the very few words he addressed to it on its opening, on the duty of expressing freely the members' various opinions, but "expressing them *in love*," or "speaking the truth *in love*," as he phrased it again in another minute? Would he have said this in his place in the House of Lords to his brother? Even there, doubtless, he might have commented with regret on the malignant spirit of a bitter speech, even if it were a friend's, or with pleasure on the charitable spirit of a generous speech, even if it were an opponent's; but he certainly would not have exhorted Lord Derby "to speak the truth *in love*," nor have found fault with Lord Westbury or Lord Cairns for *not* "speaking the truth *in love*." He would have felt instinctively that in the House of Lords that would have been bad taste, namby-pamby in an assembly which heartily despises namby-pamby,—and this, too, though *in opinion* the House of Lords is probably much more orthodox than the House of Commons. Again, would Professor Owen ever dream of entreating Professor Huxley to speak the truth "*in love*," or would Sir Roderick Murchison entreat Sir Samuel Baker to do so in arguing on an expedition to search for Livingstone? But in a Church Conference it is felt that namby-pamby is exactly in place. And yet the Archbishop did not in the least expect his archdeacons, vicars and curates to speak the truth in hate; and if he did, he is far too much of a man of the world to imagine that the cut-and-dried exhortation to "speak the truth *in love*" would prevent it. He knows that an appeal to the fairness and

manliness of Englishmen, their love of liberty, and their respect for earnest independence, would do a great deal more to prevent any malignity in theological debate than such a formula as that.

But somehow,—and it is one of the worst signs for the Christianity of the day,—Englishmen, when they have got together for a religious purpose, have got accustomed to expect what we cannot help calling spiritual soft-sawder, namby-pamby expressions, in fact, which have a soft sound as of dove-like hearts making a good deal of parade of their dovishness, but of no particular meaning. It has come to be thought, in a technical sense, apostolic to affect great fear of hurting anybody's feelings by announcing your belief honestly and without any very special reference to whether what you say is quite in consonance with the views of others or not. Yet nothing is a more gross caricature of the actual modes of the Apostles' thought and teaching. St. Paul, when he bursts out with "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" or asks the Corinthians if he is to come to them "with a rod," certainly was not so very anxious to silver his words with a coating of superficial sugar as our modern Churchmen. Doubtless the apostolic writings do contain frequently enough expressions like "dearly beloved" here and there,—though mingled with the sharpest criticism,—expressions which perfectly expressed that profound and absolute devotion to the interests of their converts by which the Early Church grew. But in writings by authors at a distance, and profoundly anxious about the progress of their work, such expressions of feeling are thoroughly natural. But we see no sign at all of this "goody" over-expression in the *speeches* of the Apostles as they are reported to us. Read St. Peter's speeches in the Acts of the Apostles, or St. Paul's on Mars' Hill or before Agrippa, or even his pathetic speech at Miletus, in taking leave of the Ephesian Church on his last journey to Jerusalem,—and there is not a word of spiritual soft-sawder, not an expression of sentimental softness in any of them. The Apostles were all a great deal too eager in what they were about, to suppose that a word or two of conviction which were likely to be unpleasant or to give accidental offence would cause so very great a calamity that they must always guard every word of truth by the assurance that it was said "*in love*." People don't usually take offence at words which evidently come from the speaker's inmost convictions, whether they are professedly pronounced "*in love*" or not. Men are much more likely to take offence

when there is so much of the expression of love in what is said that there is very little room left for the truth at all,—for then it is pretty clear that the truth is a very subordinate matter, and, like all subordinate matter, has not enough weight in itself to make us overlook trivial expressions of a jarring character.

The truth is that the spiritual bleating about love, of which we hear so much at English religious meetings, is a mere mode of disguising weak convictions and a want of interest in the whole matter. When Dr. Newman once said that he should be much more hopeful of the people of England if there were a great deal *more* bigotry and gloom and violence of feeling on religious subjects than there then was, not that he approved of these states of mind, but that he thought them far better than amiable indifference, he was thought to have said something very shocking; and certainly we, for our parts, do not mean to recommend hate of your opponent as a more Christian alternative than even bland *talk* of love for him. But we do seriously think that this moral gourmandise in dwelling upon Christian love is far from a sure sign of the existence of that charity which “never faileth,” but “believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” No one would preface his explanation of belief to men whom he really loved and honoured by this sort of palaver. Depend upon it that those who want to persuade the rest of the world that they are straining every nerve to prevent giving their fellow-creatures one needless unpleasant sensation, will never be given credit for much of that downright self-denial on behalf of those fellow-creatures which is the only real test of Christian love. If Christianity were really the namby-pamby sort of thing that could not breathe a word of manly conviction without diluting it with this so-called “love,” it would soon be no more heard of. Yet it is impossible to conceive any two things more completely opposite than true Christianity and religious namby-pamby. For it is of the very essence of the mellifluous moral secretion which we vainly try to describe under this term, that it always blurs the edges of every distinct thought and feeling with a half apology for its not being something else. If the devotee of namby-pamby is, or ought to be, telling his theological belief, he steeps it in such a mist of tears for its necessary divergence from somebody else’s theological belief, that you can hardly tell clearly what he *does* think at all. If, on the other hand, he is, or ought to be, declaring his condemnation of evil, he is in such a flutter to insist

that he distinguishes between the sin and the sinner, that his condemnation is dissipated in a flood of amiable pity. If he wants, on the other hand, to express his approbation or agreement with another of more decisive mind, he is so nervous lest he should go too far and commit himself to something positive, that he guards himself by ‘hedging’ till his sympathy becomes completely valueless, even if it be certain that any sympathy remains. In a word, the essence of religious namby-pamby is to evade being anything in particular, from a misty idea—that it is very Christian to be nothing in particular;—that Christianity consists in watering liberally every definite state of mind with its opposite, saying that you love dearly the people you are going to rebuke, that you see much to rebuke in the people whom you love dearly, that the sword of the Spirit is a capital thing to brandish in the air, but should never be really used,—as if “the whole creation travailed until now” with such exquisite anguish that it becomes a Christian to administer chloroform to it and soothe its pangs.

The idea that it is a Christian sort of thing to be gelatinous and without distinctly-marked characteristics, that twaddle with a pious sound is a great deal *more* pious than strong convictions which anybody with a head must either accept or reject, and cannot get confused about, rests, we suppose, if on anything but weakness of character, on that language of our Lord’s about God’s having hid from the wise and prudent what He had revealed unto babes, and St. Paul’s about “milk for babes,” and God’s having caused the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. But really nothing can be more distinct than the milk of babes and the farinaceous messes of our namby-pamby religion. If anything is clear in this world, it is that Christianity,—which means Christ,—separated in the sharpest way the good and evil, the true and false, the bitter and sweet elements which were fermenting together, and gave the world new principles of discrimination and combination. There was nothing of the modern namby-pamby, either in the ‘Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!’ or in the rebuke to St. Peter, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.’ There was nothing of the modern namby-pamby in St. Paul’s avowal that he had withstood Peter to the face, and had never ceded a single iota of his own authority to those that seemed ‘to be pillars;’ nor in the denunciation of the Laodiceans for being neither

hot nor cold, nor indeed in any single clause of any single verse in the New Testament. The perfect simplicity and energy of the Gospel are its greatest characteristics. Absence of simplicity and energy, composite indistinctness, and faintly beating pulses, are the chief characteristics of modern religious namby-pambyism. If there be modesty and lowliness in mixing up everything together, — and, therefore, mastering no one Christian conviction or emotion distinctly, then the jargon which talks so much of speaking 'the truth in love' and such like phrases may be modest and lowly; but such modesty and lowliness is just the opposite of what is childlike. Nothing is less childlike than to fringe the expressions of direct feelings and thoughts with phrases of ornamental piety which effectually disguise the want of explicitness in those feelings and thoughts. It is in the wisdom of the heart that Christianity is childlike, and nothing is less like the wisdom of the heart than this elaborate religiousness in all aspects of your subject which are *not* uppermost, and which demand no clear language, by way of excusing yourself from the need for giving vigorous and lucid expression to that side of faith which is uppermost, and does demand clear language. It is one of the greatest faults of the Bishops of our English Church that, more than any other religious leaders, they indulge in these flabby excuses for not leading, — more than Roman Catholic Bishops, more than eminent Dissenters, either heterodox or orthodox. Compare Mr. Dale's powerful address to the Congregationalists, or Mr. Martineau's to the Unitarians with most of our episcopal charges, and we shall see at once how large the element of mere syrup is in the latter. It is a fatal mistake. When we read Bishop Butler, we find the only evidence that he speaks the truth "in love" in the self-evident fact that he loves the truth with his whole heart, and lets us see it. Our modern Bishops are too apt to prepare syrup of Truth, which is not truth at all, and, what is worse, is not sweet after the first honey flavour, — for it is sure to turn sour on the stomach.

injurious to the general welfare of humanity. But in a less and more ignoble form it is not uncommon, and the deadweight and steady choking pressure which mankind endure in consequence go to make up an almost intolerable grievance. There are people who have the gift of being sulky for an indefinite length of time, and assert that they act thus on principle; but it is almost invariably found that the principle harmonizes with the nature, for to tempers that are short and sweet, hot, inconsistent, or quickly placable — and any of these are liable to be suddenly vexed for an hour or two — it is always a difficulty to sulk. It is a bit of acting and not reality, even when carried out, and the assumption of it is felt to be a burden too heavy to be borne.

The capacity for steady solid concentrated sulkiness is a mighty power to him who possesses it; it implies many curious and varied accomplishments and gifts, among others that of the complete mastery of the five senses. It is for a man to be blind when it is desired that he should open his eyes, dumb whenever words would be acceptable, deaf to all allurements or submission, insensible to every effort at conciliation. It can create gloom, and, having created it, it can perpetuate and deepen it until it becomes a clinging atmosphere as unwholesome as a malaria. It comprehends an absolute control over the facial muscles, so that no softness or sign of yielding, not a ripple of a smile or an expression of pleasure, may replace even for a moment the sullen apathy or illumine the habitual scowl of the confirmed sulker. In a word, it is the faculty of simulation to such a degree that a person shall appear to be blind, deaf, dumb, stupid, paralyzed, ill, or dead whenever and for as long as he chooses. Mr. Helps has truly said, "Unreason always governs. Nothing prevents you having your own way so much as being at all amenable to reason." And sulkiness neither gives reasons nor listens to them. The sulky being sometimes wears a depressed, spiritless, and utterly dejected appearance, as though crushed and heartbroken by long-continued oppression; sometimes a heavy, displeased, dragging step, and a black and lowering brow, are the chief signs which indicate the disturbance within, and the form of the vengeance which is to be taken in respect of it. The latter is the masculine type; the former is, properly speaking, feminine. Mr. N. P. Willis, in one of his earlier volumes, has a clever little tale describing the power of an "injured look." By virtue of it a young

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE POWER OF SULKINESS.

GREAT is the power of sulkiness. Fortunately for the world, it rarely exists in its highest and most concentrated form, for, if united to real intellectual or moral force, it would be a despotism so thorough as to be

American lady contrived to persuade a whole house full of boarders to regard her as a martyr, and to speak the worst and think the worst they could of her husband; and all this, without uttering one word herself, was produced solely by the "injured look." And if there is an "injured look" there is also such a thing as a "dumb devil;" if the power of the one is great, the provocation induced by the latter is unutterable. It is a curious, and to some will appear an unaccountable, circumstance that in sulkiness a woman is more often possessed with a dumb devil than is a man.

Sulkiness is visible even in the nursery, where it exists, so to speak, in the form of a bud; but it is merely an outbreak of bad temper, for at that age a child has not learned the method of using it as an instrument with which to punish his playmates. And the wisest way is to leave it entirely unnoticed, "efface" the offender, as the French say, until there is an obvious return to a more amiable disposition. But boys and girls soon learn to estimate the power of sulkiness either by practice or endurance, and a large school is the best check on a despotism of this kind. Sulkiness is not a tyranny which can be safely exercised in society at large, and it is commonly reserved for private or home exhibition. The smaller the circle the more concentrated its force; in a family, in a house, in one room, the power of sulkiness oppresses, searches, and pervades every corner of it. In love-making sulkiness is a deplorable blunder. Smile or strike, or smile and strike too if that seems more advisable; but no good ever follows a sullen enmity, which chills, disconcerts, and often actually destroys love. Even that simulated sulkiness, that toothless vengeance, which consists in pouting coldness is an experiment full of danger, and in the worst possible taste. But if between lovers it is a blunder, in married life it is simply the greatest madness of which a human being can be guilty. There they are man and woman yoked together like goats, and as the countryman justly observed, "that's been a trouble to more than goats," and if either of them is endowed with the faculty of persistent sulkiness, one shudders to think of the life the other one may be made to lead. It might be reasonably urged as a cause for judicial separation, possibly even for di-

vorce, since the practice of quietly pressing the spirit and life out of a human being, no matter how many years the operation spreads over, is not one that ought to be permitted in a Christian country: "væ victis!" the weak go to the wall, and too often the weak are the pleasantest and most lovable of earth's creatures.

Sometimes a person is seen to exhibit something which resembles and yet is not sulks. It is a silent moodiness of manner arising from a sense of failure, mortification, or secret discouragement and vexation which he cannot get over all at once. It is often seen in youth, but in reality the man is struggling with his infirmity, and a kind word or a friendly overture will almost always float him over the difficulty. But genuine sulkiness is essentially premeditated and of aforethought; is also vindictive, sometimes even malignant, in its nature, and, if much indulged in, causes the manners to become habitually morose, and the face and person acquire a heavy sodden appearance as of a substance too long steeped in unwholesome juices. Dragging the feet along the floor and slamming the doors of the house for weeks and months together are vulgar and ignoble, but neither uncommon nor inexpressive modes of sulking. We all know of other ways more refined but not less disagreeable, and remember them too well. The fashion in which the very few words which custom and convenience render absolutely necessary are dropped from the lips as if they were so many leaden bullets; the steadfast surprised stare that you or any one else should venture to ask such questions as shall require reply of any kind, the pertinacious coldness, the carefully averted glance, the steady gloom, the hand withheld, the smile unreturned, and the hardly muttered acknowledgment of the morning or evening salutation—who that has witnessed or endured these amenities can forget the effect of them? In fact, the severity of the pressure which a really able, discriminating, and obstinate sulker can bring to bear on others for an indefinite space of time amounts to a tyranny, dumb indeed, but sufficiently unholy of its kind; neither soft coaxing nor urgent cursing can affect it, and, though to yield is humiliating, it is well nigh hopeless to resist it.

From The Saturday Review.

MISS EDEN'S HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA.*

MISS EDEN, whose agreeable *Glimpse of the War in Bohemia* we received with welcome the season before last, has now given us an account of a very pleasant holiday passed by her in the Austrian Tyrol in the summer of last year. That strong sympathy with a depressed and struggling cause which breathed through her earlier work had apparently its effect in determining the writer's choice in favour of her recent track of travel and adventure. The same warm partisanship and quick sensibility on the side of all things and persons Austrian is manifest throughout the present frankly written and chatty little tale of travel. Miss Eden writes with the simplicity and unconsciousness of effort which most pleases us in narrative of this kind. Without the slightest attempt at display, or the least hovering even upon the edge of the literary precipice of fine writing, she can make of the incidents of ordinary travel a series of pictures which please us by their *naïveté* and truth if they do not startle us with their novelty of strangeness. With enough of a lady's natural instinct for romance to enjoy whatever is picturesque in scenery, or fanciful in local legend or record, she is most keenly alive to every touch of nature in the life of the wayside peasant, or in the manners of the chance travelling companion. Her ready pencil is at hand to lend reality and permanence to the impressions of the moment. The sketch of the pretty village of Lauffen which forms the frontispiece, and the snowy peak in the background of Salzburg which adorns the title-page, form an artistic prelude from which the mind of the reader passes with pleasure to the contents of the clear and smoothly-written volume before him.

Miss Eden's route began by way of the long sea voyage from the Hermitage Wharf, by the Thames side, to Rotterdam. It was near being prematurely cut short by the explosion of a spirit-lamp stupidly smuggled on board by a steerage passenger to warm her children's food. A curious figure this woman presented, coming up the gangway, "her stuff dress, nearly burnt to rags, hanging about her." Luckily for their night's rest, her fellow-passengers on board the *Batavier* were in ignorance of the risk they had run. Slowly ascending the stream, with just leisure enough for a sunset glimpse of the glories of Cologne, and a passing enjoyment of the well-known picturesque

part of the river between Cologne and Bingen, our author and her German travelling companion, parting from sundry friends and the pleasant captain of "Rhine steamer No. 26," landed at Mayence—too late, however, to do more than catch at the wicket the murmurs of the ceaseless devotions of the Convent of Perpetual Prayer, the hour of admittance being overpast. Next day starting alone, but enlivened by agreeable companionship picked up in the train, and charmed out of the possibility of sleep by the romantic view of the distant range of the Salzkammergut, Miss Eden was ushered, at Salzburg, by the politest of Customs' officers, once more into "dear Austria." The delight of rejoining friends, enhanced by the comforts of the *Goldenes Schiff*, with the picturesque beauties of the old town, made her stay here very delightful. It was diversified by a two days' trip to the beautiful district of Berchtesgaden, a little bit of Bavaria which abuts into the middle of the Imperial preserves. Abounding as it does in game, which is strictly preserved, this intrusive little angle of territory is tantalizing, like Naboth's vineyard, to so keen a sportsman as Franz Joseph. What strikes the English novice, on entering German soil, is the utter absence of flocks of sheep. An unhappy Frenchman in the *coupe* of the same diligence with our author, burning with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but not knowing a word beyond his mother tongue, continued to insinuate the problem "why mutton is rarely or never seen on Austrian tables." It is true, as our travellers found, that excellent mountain mutton is met with at times equal to any Welsh of our own, and in colour and flavour hardly inferior to venison. There are also, in the plains of Southern Germany, great numbers of sheep. But, as a rule, mutton is never willingly eaten by Germans. To a healthy English palate the taste and look of the stuff are alike disgusting, and the very servants prefer to it the coarse and stringy beef out of the soup:—

Contrary to the express orders of the master of the house, we sometimes contrived a small joint of mutton for dinner, for a treat to our English appetites; but when it came on the table and was cut, we used to look guiltily at each other as we tried to eat it, and pretend it was excellent, though the fact was we hid great pieces away, as in our school-room days, under potato skins or pieces of salad. Anything so rank, so stringy, so disgusting, I never ate. After trying it twice, we gave in, and had to adopt thankfully the Austrian view, that their insipid veal and perpetual beef are, after all,

* *My Holiday in Austria.* By Lizzie Sellan Eden. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1899.

most wholesome, even for sick people or young children.

In the end of autumn, when all the grain was harvested, and all the hay cut that could possibly be mowed off the rich pastures, I saw a few flocks of sheep on them. The very sight of them was enough to indicate that the mutton must be bad. The sheep themselves appear to be aware of it, for they have a sneaking, dissatisfied look, and always keep in a crowd, trying to hide themselves. Except in very old pictures, and in engravings in Bibles centuries old, I never saw such animals, with long flapping ears that would have gained any rabbit a prize for lop-ears, long legs and arched backs, like New Forest pigs. Even in the bitter winter weather they have scarcely any pretence of wool on their backs, certainly not nearly as much as a month-old lamb. About Salzburg these were the only sort of sheep I saw; but I was told that great efforts are being made to introduce a better breed. Large sums have been given for some from England; and with the wonderfully rich pastures and mountain fields that they have here, what a rich return their introduction may make to the country!

Next to Baron Beust, the person most to be admired, albeit least to be envied, in Germany is, Miss Eden thinks, "an Englishwoman at the head of an Austrian household who can really keep things tolerably together." The amount of prejudice and ignorance on the part of the servants, the dread of fresh air and free circulation, the Saints' days on which they won't work, and the Sundays on which they will, the greasy cooking, the beloved heavy puddings, the wonderful joints of meat, the dreadful knives that won't cut and the good beer that won't keep—"all these things are enough to turn the brain of a refined practical Englishwoman." The higher classes, or the nobility, are found in their domestic life, no less than in their freedom from prejudice and slatternliness, much the same as the corresponding classes in England. It is in the middle class, among the wives of professional men, that discomfort, want of elegance, and general dowdiness, make the home repulsive. In the afternoon, after dinner, coffee and an hour's sleep, you sometimes meet the Frau Doctorin or the Frau General on the esplanade, or at the bath rooms; but in general they are too tired with looking after the kitchen and the scrubbing of the floors, or seeing that baby is not drowning in a tub or choking itself with sour *semmel*, to permit themselves such an indulgence, or to leave room for culture of any kind. The greatest sensation of all, to an English lady of orthodox training and natural curiosity, is to handle for the first time a real live mummy baby. "It

is a most wonderful circumstance, but you may reside any time in a German village, while holding daily intercourse with inhabitants of every age and size, yet never see a baby!" The cause of this mysterious absence is traced by Miss Eden to the mummy system of nursing—i.e., to the fashion of swaddling, which was known of yore in this country also. The landlady rejoicing in a baby of six months old gave the writer the opportunity of penetrating the secret of its multitudinous bands and wrappings, which she has duly described for the edification of the curious in such matters. No wonder that the traveller from England is struck with the pale faces, sickly air, and twisted limbs which so frequently meet the eye in Southern Germany. Set free after the first year from their mummy cases, the hapless *kindchen* enter upon another period of denial of liberty, motion, and fresh air. The boy, if he can walk, is thrust into corduroy trousers, waistcoat, and jacket, with usually a blue apron. "It is quite distressing to see little roly-poly children, just able to toddle about, dressed up like figures in the pantomime, with their pale, weird faces, and lank colourless hair, in keeping with their strange attire." It makes one sick to see the numbers of idiots, dwarfs, and horribly-deformed people that one meets at every turn. These sights are naturally more common in low-lying districts, as in the lovely lake village of Hallstadt. But where nature is not specially to blame, as at Salzburg itself, an ill-favoured and sickly population tells of the ill effects of hygiene neglected, of close rooms, stifled by stoves and reeking with perpetual tobacco-smoke. The broad and complicated necklace, often of seven or eight chains of silver, which sets off the quaint dress of the Tyrolese and Styrian peasant, is worn in a great measure to hide the frightful goitres and swollen throats which deform the lower orders. The very last thing to promote a robust or hardy physique is the inveterate habit of cowering over the stove, which, in a country rich in timber, is a luxury within reach of the poorest. Another odd characteristic of what to an English labouring man would seem beyond even womanlike softness is seen in the red umbrella of the peasantry glancing in and out of the yellow, green, and scarlet foliage during the autumn rains of the vintage. The degradation of the peasant women is sadly enhanced by the pressure of the conscription. "It is revolting to see them transformed into horrible-looking objects employed as scavengers, ostlers, and ploughmen." Others may be seen

threshing and mowing, looking coarse, masculine, and brutal, half the men being away soldiering. Nowhere in Austria is there any mitigation of manual labour by the help of steam. Often indeed in Bodenbach our author used to see luggage trains pass with engines, carefully covered, from Ransome's and other well-known engineering firms, but their destination could not be made out. Not one was ever seen working. Miss Eden has some sensible remarks on the odious pressure of the "blood tax" upon the population of Austria. Not the least evil is the swelling, by discharged soldiers, of the vast army of beggars. Popular prejudice runs proverbially against the Bohemians as the worst of this class. "People say they are such thieves," though Miss Eden puts in a good word for the Bohemians as making the best servants. They are decidedly active, clever, and intelligent. A good story is told by her of three beggars. A North German, a Sláv, and a Bohemian, when travelling in company together, entered a house in which they saw a beautiful watch lying on a table. Shortly after leaving the house, the North German remarked, "That was a beautiful

watch." "Yes," said the Sláv, "and we might have taken it." "I have got it!" triumphantly exclaimed the Bohemian.

Besides her acute and practical observations of the habits and manners of the people, Miss Eden's pages shows signs of her appreciation of natural scenery, and of the prominent objects of industry and art. The lively sketch of her visit to the great salt mines and works of Salzburg, and her recognition of what is rare or beautiful in the flowers and insects of the country, with her quiet unaffected pictures of the loveliness of mountain, lake, and fell, are instances of this graphic power. Her account of the *riesen*, or extraordinary timber shoots of Brünn, whereby the huge stores of roughly-felled trees are shot down for miles with lightning-speed into the lake, to be floated down the Danube, is no less deserving of notice. The sense of enjoyment, as well of kindly feeling for all persons and things with which her holiday trip brought her into contact, makes itself agreeably felt throughout her narrative, and imparts itself in a way that it is hardly possible to resist to the mind of the reader.

A BIRTHDAY.

"Eheu fugaces!"

O soul of mine, wrapped up in clay,
How shall I greet thee on this day
When first began thy earthly memory?
So brief, and yet so long appears
Thy little course of tangled years,—
I know not whether smiles or tears
For thee, alas, should have the victory.

In middle age how many a one
We may recount, beloved and gone
Thither, whence souls can have no second birth!
The sacred source from which I came
To me is but a cherished name;
Yet I believe her love the same
As when with us she lingered here on earth.

So for a little further space
We miss each unforgotten face.
About our festal table few are found
Who knew us in that earlier day
When sunlight makes a longer stay;
Ere deepening night and shadows gray
Mix with the cares that blacken slowly round.

O vanity of vanities!
What profits it that all the lies
Of this world, — smile and flatter as it will, —

Should now so nakedly be seen?
We know them well; and yet, I ween,
At forty-five, as at fifteen,
A thousand times deceived, we trust them still.

So not in vain the net is spread;
Nor till the silly birds are fled
To countries that we know not, shall they rest
Safe from the fowler's false decoys;
The shining glass, the empty joys,
The paltry cages, and the toys
Winning away the souls that should be blest.

My birthday! Still at forty-five,
As at the first, we toil and strive,
Building up petty schemes from day to day.
It is a piteous history
Of time misused, and hopes that flee,
And blessed opportunity
In mercy sent, for ever cast away.

It is enough; imaginings
Like these are fruitless; and the wings
Of our weak souls are palsied as we gaze
So near upon the myriad eyes
Of all these threatening mysteries.
Thrice happy they whose strength relies
On His strong hand in whom are all our ways.
Cornhill Magazine. H. C. C.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE GERMAN "WÖRTERBUCH."

THE great "Wörterbuch," or dictionary of the German language, set on foot by the Brothers Grimm has now reached about the midway of its course towards completion. It is seventeen years since the first instalment appeared, and its progress has been carried on continuously and methodically ever since. The work itself forms an important era, not only in the history of German literature, but in that of other European nations also, and it is not uninteresting to glance back over some particulars of its origin and execution, as we find them stated in a recent number of the German periodical, the *Gartenlaube*.

In 1837 seven professors of Göttingen University had to give up their chairs and quit the territories of Hanover on account of the part they took in upholding the Constitution against the arbitrary measures of King Ernest. Among these were Jacob and William Grimm, both deeply skilled students in philological lore, whose researches had led them into much curious discovery concerning the antiquities of the German language. The leisure which was now thrust upon them found them happily provided with a subject of literary interest which their professional duties would never have left them time to prosecute. At the suggestion of the publishing firm of Weidmann, they undertook the completion of an exhaustive dictionary, which was to embrace the history of every word used in German literature since the time of Luther inclusive, giving its origin, its derivation, and its different applications and modifications as the individual mind of different writers or the changes of custom may have produced them; the terminus *ad quem* of the range of inquiry being fixed at the end of the third decade of the present century. Some years after their expulsion from Hanover, the King of Prussia gave the Brothers Grimm seats in the Academy of Science at Berlin; and the first instalment of their dictionary, which was published in 1852, had thus the advantage of appearing with more honour than if it had issued from their comparative retirement at Cassel.

Fourteen years had been taken up with preparations for the work. The result, as seen in this first instalment, fully justified the pains with which the material had been collected and sifted. The method pursued was this. The brothers took a general survey of all known authors, great and small, who had contributed to German literature since the era of the Reformation. They then made application to a vast number of

students throughout Germany, requesting them to read such or such books carefully, and annotate or extract for the purpose in hand. Many offered their services spontaneously; and it was a proof of the national interest excited by the project, that among the volunteers were literary men of the most diverse opinions, provinces, professions, and tastes. Jacob Grimm, in his preface to the first published part, enumerates no less than eighty-three coadjutors in this way. Then special directions were forwarded to each. On a piece of paper of prescribed size and shape he was to set down each word which struck him as employed by his author in any way unusual, characteristic, or for any reason worthy of attention; and with it the passage, prose or verse, in which it had occurred.

After a while, a mighty mass of material poured into headquarters, from east, west, north, and south—about a million of billets in all, it is roughly computed. To sort them was the next business, and to arrange them under alphabetical heads. Two men were thus employed during a period of six months, working from early morning to late evening, collecting for each word the various citations applicable to it, and fastening them in a bundle together, then placing the whole in two gigantic chests ready for the further process of deciding the proportion of quotations and authorities to be retained, and tracing chronologically and otherwise the shades and transitions of meaning. The genius and taste of individual writers had to be considered as influencing the value to be attached to their testimony. Of the authors in the sixteenth century, with which the range of investigation begins, the greatest weight is attached to Luther, to Hans Sachs, and to the remarkable satirist Fischart, who, indeed, for this early period of the literature, is considered the most valuable of all. The seventeenth century, a period of stagnation, or rather of retrogression in Germany, owing to the effects of the Thirty Years' War, furnishes no more eminent authorities in the use of language than Gryphius, Ophitz, and Lenau; while for the eighteenth century the foremost rank is assigned to Lessing, Jean Paul, and Schiller. On the whole, the three authors most carefully collated and analyzed for the purpose of determining the changes and legitimate uses of the written language are Fischart, Luther, and Goethe.

For a time much doubt was entertained as to the practical success of the scheme. It was thought too vast in its proportions to be carried out by men who, like Jacob Grimm and his brother, had other pressing

literary avocations to occupy their time, and the appearance of the first part of it in print was something of a surprise to the sceptical. In 1854, however, a whole volume was completed and published; in 1860 a second made its appearance; in 1862 a third. Soon after this, Jacob Grimm, the chief promoter and manager of the undertaking, died; he had been preceded a short time before by his brother, his inseparable companion throughout almost the whole of life, but he laboured on with undiminished energy, till, while occupied with the word "Frucht," he too was called away.

Happily, the impetus given by these famous scholars did not die with them. Their undertaking was carried on with vigour by the contributors they had enlisted in the task. Hildebrand of Leipsic, Weigand of Gressen, and Moritz Heyne of Halle, have had the chief hand in it since. Professor Hildebrand is now busily occupied with the letter K.

No similar work had previously existed in the literature of any other nation. The Great Dictionary of the Paris Academy came nearest to it, perhaps in importance; but then the Paris dictionary was a record of words in legitimate use only — a kind of statute book of the French language. The labours of the Grimms were directed to the compilation of a historical repertory of words present and past in all their changes. But the idea has worked by example on other nations since. The Dutch literati are engaged on a "Woordenboek der Nederlandsche Taal," the tenth volume of which appeared last year: and the French Academy have published two numbers of a "Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française," which, however, since 1865 has stood still at the word "Actuellement." Another French dictionary, by Littré, on the same plan, is making more rapid progress, having reached its twentieth part and the word "Perdre." Of the English dictionary projected on so grand a scale by Archbishop (then Dean) Trench and the Philological Society, we fear there is nothing but an account of unfulfilled promise to be recorded.

The German "Wörterbuch" has been restricted throughout to the "High" German dialect, the "Low" German being left aside as material for a separate dictionary; but during the progress of the work a much more varied range of the High German has been included than was at first contemplated; the spoken as well as the written language has been taken into account. Moreover, the range of time has been extended backwards, many examples being

now taken from the mediæval and Gothic forms. There is, consequently, a defect of symmetry in the work, and an inevitable incompleteness, for the spoken uses of the language, past and present, must needs be too manifold, too changing, and too evanescent to admit of perfectly faithful registration. These, however, are but small drawbacks to set against the eminent merits of this grand monument of German nationality.

From The Saturday Review.

THE COURSE OF EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

WE are frequently treated to speculations upon the probable future of the population of America. Will the United States break to pieces sooner or later under their own weight, or will they spread north and south till they include everything from the Polar regions to the Isthmus of Panama? What will be the character and the political institutions of the vast population which in all probability will fill what is still known as the West, but will soon be the central region of North America? Prophecy on such matters is notoriously as unsatisfactory as it is tempting. Everybody likes to have an opinion as to what will happen a century or so hence, because there is no chance of his being confuted at present, and very little chance that any one will take the trouble to confute him after he is dead. The future supplies an unlimited fund of consolation for all who have stumbled in their calculations as to the present. We would by no means deter any one from so harmless an amusement. Americans derive infinite pleasure from calculating the numbers of the vast multitudes who for uncounted centuries are to listen to Fourth of July orations in the broad valley of the Mississippi, whilst their detractors may count up the many obstacles that oppose the realization of such a dream. Others may be content with a humbler task, which is not without its pleasures — that, namely, of showing that nobody knows very much about the matter. When we can't blow bubbles for ourselves it affords a gentle amusement to puncture those raised by our friends. It is indeed easy to prove that many elements must be taken into account in forming the horoscope of America, upon which it is simply impossible to arrive at any accurate judgment. One of these is the future of the emigration from Europe. No one can tell with any approach to certainty what will be its character or its influ-

ence. Will the Americans of the future descend chiefly from an English, an Irish, or a German parentage? Will the negro survive and multiply, or will he have to struggle, not only against the American, but against a Chinese population? Can the native population hold its own, and is there any, and what, truth in the allegations that have been made of its stationary or even declining powers of reproduction in comparison with the incoming races? Will the national type of the different constituents of the population be preserved or blended into one, and will they gravitate towards different centres or interpenetrate each other throughout the country? To all these and many similar questions we can only answer, that nobody can speak with any confidence, and that a very large experience will be necessary before any degree of certainty is reached.

Thus, for example, some curious results have been lately stated in regard to emigration. It is generally said that the New England population, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence, were almost as pure a race as the inhabitants of the Mother-country. Indeed, Americans, who do not often fail on the side of moderation of statement, occasionally declare that they not only spoke better English, but were more genuine Englishmen. However this may have been, the tables have been strangely turned. Up to the time of the war the immigration was reckoned at about 5,000,000, half of which came from the British islands — the great majority of this half being Irishmen, and the larger proportion of the remainder from Germany. The immigrants, together with their descendants, formed at least a quarter of the whole white population. The war only acted as a very slight check upon the influx of foreigners, which has since continued with unabated energy. There is, however, a marked change in the character of the immigration. The year 1854 was the first in which the German immigrants exceeded the Irish, and they maintained their superiority for some years. During the war the Germans fell off and the Irish increased; since that time it seems that the German element has again taken the lead. Last year, according to the most recent statement we have seen, the Germans formed about one half, and the Irish only a quarter, of the whole; and, which is also worth noticing, the great majority came from Protestant districts. The Scandinavian races send a considerable contingent, and the English immigration has also increased. Any one who is acquainted accurately with

all the statistics, and accurately appreciates the political, economical, and social condition of the various European races, possesses the materials from which some estimate may be made of the probable future of emigration. He will be able to say which of the rival constituents of the American population has the largest reserves to draw upon; whether Irishmen are likely to transport themselves, though not their island, some three thousand miles to the West; whether English artisans, as we might be disposed to infer from some recent manifestations at Preston and other manufacturing districts, are likely to follow the example of Irish peasants; and whether Hans Breitmann is likely to be reinforced by some millions of devotees of *lager-bier* and the Infinite; and, on the other hand, whether American principles of commerce and taxation may prove to exercise a deterrent influence. It is remarkable, indeed, that these zealous Protectionists are resolved, in the interest of the labouring classes, to protect everything except labour. In order, as they declare, to prevent the American labourer from sinking to the level of his depressed brother in Europe, they hamper their own power of production, and allow any amount of paupers to be imported. This intelligent policy may ultimately check emigration by diminishing the demand for labour; but it is scarcely possible that the most perverse ingenuity can permanently injure the attractions of their vast natural resources. In all probability, a great immigration will continue, though it is more difficult to guess at its composition, or to determine its effect upon the American character. One or two points, however, may be worth noticing.

In the first place, the rapidity with which Americans have developed a distinctive national type is a very remarkable phenomenon. If the New England population was really as homogeneous as is said — and it certainly appears, on their own showing, that every true Yankee had an ancestor on board the *Mayflower*, who also left a piece of furniture to his descendants by way of ocular proof of the fact — this is far from holding good of the population of the other States. Dutch and Swedes and Germans and Huguenots have mixed with every variety of British subject to form the groundwork of the population. Yet, in spite of many minor differences, there is no more pronounced national type than the American. We recognize him at a glance in any European country with a certainty which is scarcely as great in the case of any other people. If his outward appearance is not

sufficiently distinctive, a few words are enough to betray him. It is singular, indeed, that a people drawn from such heterogeneous sources should have, as its characteristic weakness, a want of individuality, and a too close resemblance among the different units of the mass. It seems to imply that the circumstances in which a people is placed may have more influence than their hereditary peculiarities. Some eccentric theorists have imagined that the imported population derives a certain local colour from the soil, and that the Americans show certain symptoms of conforming to the Red Indian type. It may be said with more plausibility that the climate has a great influence in producing that peculiar variety of lanky and sallow humanity which our caricaturists delight in picturing. Undoubtedly the ruddy and succulent Englishman or German is rapidly parched into a different being by the extremes of American climate. Many moral causes, however, conspire in the same direction. Many of the Western States have received, if not the mass of their population, at least the most intelligent and active part of it, from New England. The infusion has leavened the whole mass, and the descendants of the Puritans have acted as the schoolmasters and political teachers of the rising generation. The enormous emigration of the last twenty years has, however, altered the conditions. In such towns as New York and Philadelphia there are huge lumps of a foreign population which has not as yet been melted down. Rural districts are to be found where the inhabitants are exclusively German or Swedish or Welsh. In many of the Western towns the German traveller may walk down whole streets, and fancy himself back in Fatherland. Is the assimilating power of the native population sufficient to absorb these foreign elements without being materially altered in the process? The better part of the German emigration consists of a singularly tenacious and plodding race, who take a very firm root in the land. Is it not possible that they may act upon the more vivacious and volatile Yankee at least as forcibly as he acts upon them? To add a strong infusion of the Teutonic element would remind one of pouring beer into a gin cocktail. The result of such an experiment is being tried on a large scale; and to all appearance it is likely to be continued for some time to come. When the emigrants were scattered widely over a large surface, they would easily conform to the manners and customs of the natives. Now that they form large isolated masses, it is scarcely possible that they should not produce a

more marked influence. At the same time the population of the States is now so large, and has assumed so marked a character, that a much greater immigration than formerly would be required to produce an equal effect. The inflowing stream bears a constantly decreasing proportion to the reservoir into which it is poured. Some of the large towns are to a great extent swamped by the Irish population; but the predominant element of the nation is as unmistakably as ever the native American.

Another curious influence of the emigration is upon the religions of the country. The city government of New York is so exclusively under Irish and Roman Catholic control, that it gives away land to Roman Catholic churches, and favours the attempts of the priests to interfere with the system of education. It has even been asserted, with some appearance of truth, that the next great difficulty ahead will be a religious quarrel; and that the parties, instead of being Free-trade and Protectionist, or divided by their views of slavery, will be distinguished by their sympathies with different religious sects. The separation of Church and State has hitherto prevented any such disputes from affecting politics; but it does not follow that such antagonistic elements will not contrive to find some battle-ground for their natural animosities. The recent change in the character of the emigration, if it continues, would deprive the Roman Catholics of the principal source from which they have hitherto drawn fresh recruits, and would tend to postpone the anticipated difficulty. Germans, for the most part, take such matters pretty easily; and it is said that there are whole districts in the West, inhabited by Germans, where the population is respectable, quiet, and well-educated, but which have simply no churches or clergy of any description whatever. To pronounce any distinct opinion upon the probable religious future of the United States would be to claim the gift of prophecy; but any one would write a singularly interesting book who should do what Mr. Hepworth Dixon failed to do, and, instead of giving us the eccentricities of a few isolated communities, give us some real information as to the growth and relative influence of the great religious bodies amongst which America is divided.

The influence of emigration upon these and other questions opens many curious subjects of speculation, at which we cannot even hint. Meanwhile it may serve to remind us how many important changes are going on, as it were, surreptitiously, to which our attention is seldom called, and

whose real influence it is almost impossible to unravel. We hear a great deal about the ups and downs of party struggles, and the rival merits of successive Presidents; but the silent action of the great movements of the population may be producing changes in comparison with which the temporary ascendancy of Republicans or Democrats is a matter of little importance. To mention only one other circumstance, there is much to be said of the possible influence of the new Pacific Railway. The Chinese, it is said, are so frugal and hardworking as to cut out all rival populations. China contains, as we constantly say in figures whose significance we seldom realize, a third of the population of the globe. It is now brought close to the greatest field for labour in the world. Who can say what the consequences may be?

From The Spectator.

AUDIENCES OLD AND NEW.

WE quoted last week some extracts from a life of Edmund Kean, by Mr. Hawkins, which must have struck many of our readers as totally incredible. According to that writer, Kean's influence over his audience was beyond that of the greatest orators or preachers of the present day, was a kind such as has in our time never been witnessed in a theatre. Rachel has within the last twenty years driven Frenchmen into momentary frenzy by reciting the Marseillaise, and Currer Bell has recorded the intense impression the actress's performance at Brussels made upon her cultivated and radically English mind; but Kean took his audiences beyond themselves, made the actors by his side sob and faint, threw Byron into convulsions, drew whole theatres to their feet in surging emotion, and made Southey and Barry Cornwall exclaim simultaneously 'That man looks like the Devil!' Most people who read such accounts, we imagine, set them down at once as sensational exaggerations. No actor of to-day, they feel, could affect their minds so powerfully, and it is easier to believe in rhapsody than in an actor who could excite rhapsodical emotion. The effect, they dare say, was striking, but has been exaggerated, partly by design, but chiefly by the tendency of the old to exalt the force of the sensations through which they passed when young. That process explains so pleasingly the comparative deadness which has come on them. Another set, generally men to whom the Stage has ceased to be amusing, contend that the

statements are true, and that doubt proceeds from the inexperience of this generation in great actors. The old luminaries of the stage, they say, were exceptional men and women, great orators, unconscious poets, persons so completely masters of their art, that to see them was to forget illusion, to feel as in real life, to wince, and shudder, and faint under tragedy as under the sight of operations. The strongest nerves sometimes give way in an operating theatre, old soldiers have broken down at death-beds, Napoleon III. has never recovered the horror of what he saw at Magenta. We do not know, they say, what transcendent tragic genius could effect, what sense of horror it could inspire, what its power was when displayed in its perfection. 'As well deny Shakespeare, they argue, because we are reduced to Boucicault, as deny Edmund Kean or Garrick because we have Phelps and Vining.

We confess, both of these explanations strike us as exceedingly unsatisfactory, the theory of exaggeration in particular. Stage traditions are well preserved in a very peculiar and, so to speak, separate world, and this particular form of them can be supported by as much documentary evidence as most other series of facts in history. The stories are related by different persons of different minds, writing under different circumstances; many of them were penned within a few hours or days of the occurrences, and if we reject them as *a priori* too improbable, we must reject also half of the stories on which the history of our forefathers' social life is based. The same stories, moreover, are told about great orators, great preachers, and great singers, and in these cases nobody disputes them. If there were positive evidence to the contrary, we might, of course, reject them; but in the absence of such evidence, the true method is surely to accept them, and seek an explanation. The argument for the existence of giants of the theatre, again, is wretchedly inconclusive. The main evidence for it is the effect they produced, and if that effect can be otherwise accounted for the evidence loses almost all its force. No description of their acting seems at all to explain its extraordinary effect; and most of the accounts we have read leave an impression of overstrained effort, of vehemence carried to burlesque, of grand impressions made by pose. To judge from Mr. Hawkins' description of Kean, his acting was exactly what that of Robson would have been had he let that side of his genius have its course; and, no doubt, most powerful, and in its way truthful, acting it would have been. There

would have been probably exaggeration, perceptible if the portrait were compared with reality, but not if it were only compared with the ideal lurking in the minds even of to-day. Yet still, after making all those concessions, does anybody believe that Robson, as tragedian, could have made actors faint, or Tennyson go into convulsions, or any old lady fancy that he was such a villain that he should be struck out of her will? The truth is, the character of the audiences has changed, and not the power of the actors, except in a very limited degree. We suspect that, granted the same audiences, Miss Faucit would have had all the influence of Mrs. Siddons; Mr. Wigan, or Mr. Sothorn, or Mr. Jefferson, of Garrick; and Mr. Robson, if a tragedian, of Edmund Kean. With the same audiences, Mr. Spurgeon might have been as Whitfield, Mr. Fitzgerald as Burke, Mr. Bernal Osborne as Sheridan. The temper of audiences has changed, changed in reality as well as seeming. They have not only, under the training of a century, learned to suppress the display of emotion, but have ceased to feel it, except when more deeply moved. A good deal of emotion is voluntary, and it is now part of our training to bring it under the restraint of the will. It was considered then a mark of fine feeling to "give way;" it is considered now a mark of such weakness that even a poet would probably excuse himself by saying he had been out of health. The world has grown more restrained, and naturally has lost in a still greater degree its sympathy, and especially its nervous sympathy, with unrestraint. People who saw Sir Giles Overreach raging away in that style, making horrible faces, and tearing away at his shirt, might, probably would, think the portraiture real, and rather admire the painting; but they would slightly scorn the person of whom such a portraiture could be true, and that scorn would be fatal to extreme effect. Watch any audience witnessing Mr. Fechter's very striking representation of Othello, and you will see that a very slight increase in the fury and the unreasonableness would excite disgust; that the stalls and boxes, even while applauding, watch his face critically, with something of contempt, not for him, but for all that tempest of emotion. This decline of sympathy with passion in its external representation has perhaps done more to limit the actor's power than any other change, for it is this which is most easily represented on the stage, not only because actors can imitate it more easily, but because suppressed emotion is as a physical fact less perceptible

to eyes at any but a very short distance indeed. An expression must be very fine indeed to move the spectator who sees it only through a lorgnette. Further, the decay of sympathy with external emotion has, to repeat an observation we made some years since, greatly diminished the actor's chances of study from the life. Lord Lytton wrote once that hate was extinct as a motor, and it is true that variety of interest has diminished the intensity of all passions. We no longer live on shipboard. How often does Mr. Phelps, say, see a gentleman in a murderous rage, in such a rage that he discovers, as Kean did, why tearing collars is the right thing to do? It is not only more difficult to discover what realism is, and this while audiences are seeking not only realism, but a reality which shall still leave the impression, nowadays so real, of suppressed passion.

But is there not a change in audiences even beyond this? Most of our readers will probably so far be more or less with us, but beyond that we enter more debatable ground. Is there not, besides the decline of sympathy with the violent expression of emotion, a decline in the capability of emotion itself? We are inclined to suspect there is; that the critical, self-conscious temper which has been prevalent for most of this century has weakened slightly the faculty of emotion; that the conviction, now so general, that nothing is quite so wonderful, or so fearful, or so important as it seems to be, has deadened our sensibilities. Why else are we, in a very truthful age, very nearly ashamed of that very expressive word? People don't faint, or weep, or groan, as they once did. Of course, the fountains of emotion are not sealed up, else were the continuity of mental history destroyed; but it requires a harder or sharper shock to open them, — a greater amount of suffering or of joy. People think for a moment if the occurrence is as it seems to be before they give way, and that momentary consideration is fatal to the effect of dramatic illusion. The uneducated are still without this critical habit or its result, and on them a tragic actor can still produce very startling effect, as great an effect as on imaginative children. The faint dislike for tragedy which is so decided an intellectual feature of our time must be due, in part, at all events, to a kind of thickening of the cords which vibrate to tragic feeling, a thickening which explains some part of the sensational character of the plots in popular novels. The blow must be hard to move us, and as the tragedian can hardly strike harder than Shakespeare, for example, has

done, we have lost something of our forefathers' capacity for emotion. Every one will decide on the truth of this argument by the light from his own temperament, but still there are two general illustrations possible. Can we conceive of a great debate stopping because a member had made a speech too grand for members to be in full possession of their wits? * Yet that happened a century ago. And is it not true that the audience in an opera-house is more

readily moved by *acting* than the audience in a theatre? The acting is better? Very likely; but the audience is also composed exclusively of the organizations which more or less respond to music, is a picked audience of sensibilities.

And finally, there is one change in audiences, and not in actors, to which we attribute nothing, and should attribute much. Our great-grandfathers and grandfathers went to the theatre, and to the House of Commons, and, we fear, to evening preaching, more than half drunk. We go sober.

* This effect was produced by a speech of the Rev. Dr. Hawks in a Convention of the Episcopal Church in New York about 20 years ago. — *Liv. Age.*

THEATRICAL PROTECTIONIST. — *Wal. Punch*, old hoss, I guess as how you Britishers air A singing pritty small now SUMNER hev fired into you. Four hundred million sterling is a biggish lump of money, toe shell out, and JOHN BULL must pull his horns in, and give up givin' dinners afore he'll find the needful. And besides the *Alabama*, there's another little claim, I guess, he'll hev to settle. See what ses our *Tribune*: —

"Our native and naturalized actors and actresses are in imminent peril of their professional life. The inroads of English companies are taking a shape which seems to denote systematic organization and a determination to check the growth, if not to strike at the root, of American dramatic art. Already, in this city, half a dozen theatres are occupied almost exclusively by foreign performers, and others shine only by the light of European stars. The evil is bitterly complained of, and protection is loudly called for. Protection should be afforded. England offers inferior articles at cheap prices; managers bargain at wholesale, and retail to the public with immense profit; and American histrionic industry is crowded out of the market."

Applesquash and airthquakes! it's enough to rile a skunk toe see our Stage A trampled under foot by foreign talent. Keep your stars to shine at home, where you're in need of some enlightenment, or we shall hev to snuff 'em out, as we would a two-cent rushlight. Europeans may think 'em fine, but Yankees aint Europeans, and their tastes air far superior. This is what the *Tribune* ses, and I ses ditto toe the *Tribune*: —

"The commonest American artisan, the meanest mechanic, is shielded from unfair foreign rivalry; the actor, almost alone, stands undefended, painters and sculptors are protected. Poets are not, but that is the fault of the copy-right law, and not of the tariff. The most popular art of all is left by a thoughtless government to take care of itself. In what manner, and to what amount, duties might be imposed upon foreign players, it is not our province to deter-

mine. The scale would probably be settled by professional rank and 'lines' of business. Upon every individual a sufficient sum should be levied to make it necessary for him to demand the same salary an American actor of the same degree would receive. . . . A tariff revision is the one thing needed to save the native profession from impending doom."

A tax on "heavy fathers" would pay well, if a heavy one; and I'd come down heavy tew upon your light comedians. But I'd go further than the *Tribune*, and claim a compensation for the damage as our Stage already hev sustained through foreign importations. Not being bright at figgers, I'll jist drop a line to SUMNER, and git him toe make out a little bill against JOHN BULL for injuring our players. Guess he'll find it as well founded as our *Alabama* claim, and will be as easy bullied into paying it.

Wal, writing's thirsty work, so I'll jist go and put myself outside of an eye-opener.

Yours, old hoss, as formerly,

JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG.

* * * Without questioning the statement that English actors are performing "at cheap prices" upon the New York stage, might not England plead a set-off in this case for compensation, on the ground that New York actors have been highly paid in London? But *Leah*, *Lord Dundreary*, and dear old *Rip Van Winkle* have come and left such pleasant memories behind them, that we would gladly welcome any similar competitors with native English actors upon the English stage.

Punch.

GRANDILOQUENCE FOR BUMBLEDOM. — It might please the fancy of Vestrymen, Churchwardens, Overseers, and other such officials, to assimilate domestic and parochial to foreign and diplomatic cant, and, by way of a beginning, instead of "local self-government," for the future always say "topical autonomy."

Punch.

From The New York Times, 19 June.
HENRY J. RAYMOND.

It is our sad duty to announce the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, the founder and editor of the *Times*, who died suddenly at his residence yesterday morning of an attack of apoplexy. The intelligence of this painful event, which has robbed American journalism of one of its most eminent supporters, and deprived the nation of a patriotic statesman, whose wise and moderate counsels can ill be spared at the present juncture of affairs, will be received with deep sorrow throughout the country, not alone by those who enjoyed his personal friendship, and shared his political convictions, but by those also who knew him only as a journalist and as a public man. His death will be felt as a national loss. He was a man who made warm friends: and such was the evenness of his temper, and the candor and moderation of his mind, that even among those who stood opposed to him in political life,—in no country more bitter or exacting than in our own,—he has left none who would like to be called his enemy, and none who will not feel that in his death an upright, honorable, candid, generous-hearted man has passed away.

The record of his active life is almost identical with that of American journalism, with which he had been connected for nearly thirty years.

He was born in the village of Lima, Livingston County, New-York, on the 24th of January, 1820. His father, who died a few months since, was a farmer of limited means, a hard-working, frugal, conscientious man, enjoying among his neighbors a high reputation for integrity and sound judgment, and disposed to give his children the best education his means would allow. His son, Henry Jarvis, showed very early a decided taste for reading and study, which he seized every opportunity to gratify. In this he was seconded by his mother, a woman of more than common ability, of great clearness of judgement, directness of purpose and firmness of character. Perceiving the literary tendencies of his mind, and his inaptitude for the pursuits of a farmer, she warmly aided his efforts to obtain an education. His first school days were passed at the district school in the vicinity of his father's house. He afterwards continued his studies at the village academy, and in 1833 commenced Latin and algebra at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. Up to this time he had no definite views in regard to the choice of a profession for life; but after a short experience in the village store, and a short term of teaching in a district school

at Scottsville, in Monroe County, he entered the University of Vermont in the Summer of 1836, and four years later graduated at the head of his class in all branches of study.

His mind was then bent on teaching as a profession, although he had already displayed unusual aptitude for journalism. After spending some weeks in fruitless effort to find a school, in the neighborhood of home, which needed his services, he determined to try his fortunes in New-York City, where the only two persons he had ever seen before were Mr. Mann, then a law student in Wall-street, and Mr. Horace Greeley, whom he had but once met in Albany, and to whose weekly newspaper—the *New Yorker*, he had been a frequent contributor, mainly of literary criticism, during his college course. He entered at once upon the study of the law in the office of Mr. E. W. Marsh, but was compelled to devote a good deal of his time to earning a living, which he did by teaching a Latin class in classical school, by writing for the *New Yorker*, at first without any remuneration, and by that unflinching resort of literary beginners in New-York—correspondence with the country Press. The first editor who engaged his services in that capacity was Mr. E. D. Mansfield, then editor of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, and since, perhaps, better known as the "Veteran Observer" of this paper, who paid him \$5 a week for daily news letters to his journal. Meantime, he received an offer of a school in North Carolina at \$400 a year; but as Mr. Greeley offered him the same for his services on the *New Yorker*, he declined the first offer, and remained in New-York.

When Mr. Greeley established the *Tribune*, in the Spring of 1841, he retained Mr. Raymond's services as assistant editor. In this position he immediately won high distinction by his extraordinary intellectual activity, his indefatigable powers of application, his readiness and dispatch, and his unusual aptitude for every duty pertaining to the profession of a journalist. He was equally ready and felicitous in reporting a speech or lecture and in writing a leader. His reports of Dr. Lardner's scientific lectures had a degree of accuracy and completeness which won them great popularity and no little distinction for himself. In his *Recollections of a Busy Life* Mr. Greeley pays a very high compliment to his untiring industry, and his incessant devotion to the duties of his position. The story of his achievement in reporting Webster's speech on the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, is well known.

Mr. Raymond left the *Tribune* in 1843, to accept an editorial position on the New-York *Courier & Enquirer*, then conducted by Mr. James Watson Webb, which he held until 1851, when he resigned. During his connection with the *Courier & Enquirer* he conducted a sharp controversy with Mr. Greeley on the doctrine of Fourierism, which found a special champion in the editor of the *Tribune*. The articles on both sides attracted much attention, and on the close of the discussion, they were collected and published in pamphlet form.

Mr. Raymond's career as a public man, outside of journalism, commenced in 1849. In this year he was elected by the Whigs of his district to the State Legislature, and at once took a very high position as a practical legislator and a prompt and effective debater. Re-elected the following year, he was chosen Speaker of the Assembly, and discharged the duties of the office with marked ability and acceptance. He took an active part in the business of the session, and especially interested himself in the cause of common-school education and in the canal policy of the State. He was again elected to the Assembly in 1861, and on the 7th of January following was chosen Speaker by a large majority over Hon. Horatio Seymour.

In the Spring of 1851 Mr. Raymond visited Europe for the first time for the benefit of his health, and traveled extensively in England and on the Continent. He returned to this country in August, and on the 18th of September of the same year published the first number of *The New York Times*, a daily political newspaper, with which his name was to be thenceforth closely identified until the day of his death. The *Times* was then a folio sheet of less than half its present size. It was from the start conducted with signal ability, and at once took strong hold on public favor. At the end of the first year it was enlarged to eight pages.

In 1852 Mr. Raymond attended the Whig National Convention at Baltimore, as a substitute for a regular delegate detained by sickness. He was admitted in spite of sharp opposition on the part of the Southern delegates, who were in favor of Mr. Fillmore's nomination, while Mr. Raymond supported General Scott. The bitter personal controversy forced upon him by Mr. Cabell, of Florida, and his own emphatic and triumphant vindication of his right to be heard, are still remembered as among the most striking incidents of the Convention. Mr. Raymond's speech in exposition and defence of the political sentiment of the

North in regard to the extension of slavery into the National Territories was among the earliest, as it was one of the most powerful expressions of the political policy which the whole North soon came to adopt as its own.

In 1854 Mr. Raymond was elected Lieutenant-Governor of this State, by the Whig Party, on the ticket with Hon. Myron H. Clark.

On the disruption of the old Whig Party, consequent upon the defeat of General Scott, Mr. Raymond took an active part in the organization of the Republican Party. He drew up the first important political manifesto of the party, an extended and elaborate vindication of the new movement, which was adopted on the 22nd of February, 1856, by the Republican National Convention at Pittsburg, Penn., and published by that body as an "Address to the people." During the ensuing campaign he addressed many public meetings throughout the Northern States in favor of Colonel Fremont, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, whom he also ably supported in the columns of his journal.

In the memorable Presidential campaign of 1860, which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Raymond bore a conspicuous part; and both in his journal and in public speeches contributed largely to the success of the new party. Through the same channels of public expression he opposed the secession movement of the Southern States, and exposed the fallacy and dangerous tendency of the views of the Southern leaders. His letters in reply to the speeches of Mr. Yancey are models of argument.

The value of Mr. Raymond's services during the trying period of the war cannot be over-estimated. In the darkest hour of defeat, when the most hopeful seemed to lose sight of hope, and many of the more timid uttered suggestions of surrender, he never lost heart. He was always full of courage. From the time when the echoes of the guns that brought down the flag on Fort Sumter reverberated through the North to the day when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, not a line, not a word, not a hint of discouragement appeared in the journal under his control. He always strove to animate the people's courage, to strengthen the hands of the Government, and from the first he predicted the ultimate success of the national arms. A nobler record belongs to no public man.

It is just that reference should here be made to his speech delivered at Wilmington, Nov. 6, 1863, which may be regarded

as the key-note to his course during the war, and to his political action when the clash of arms was heard no more throughout the land, and men were asking how they should save the fruits of the bitter warfare, so that the blood of the slain should not have been spent in vain. In that eloquent and forcible speech he held that the rebellion must be quelled, at any cost: that the Union must be restored; that the supremacy of the Constitution must be reestablished over every rood of American soil; that all thought of compromise with rebellion was idle and hopeless; that the force by which alone the rebellion could be put down, must be wielded exclusively by the Central Government, and that the Administration must have the cordial and earnest support demanded by the magnitude of the cause in which the country was engaged. As he was addressing an audience in a slave State, he gave special attention to the charges brought against the Government, that the war, though professedly for the Union, was really waged for the abolition of slavery, and that upon the close of the war the States would not be permitted to return to the Union, except under such conditions of inferiority, and such changed Constitutions and laws as Congress might impose. He maintained, on the contrary, that with the war, the attempt at secession would end; that the failure of the war would be the failure of the attempt to go out of the Union, and that Congress had no power, under the Constitution, to destroy the right of every State to make its own laws and control its own affairs. He held and proved that this was the ground steadily held by Mr. Lincoln's Administration, and that it must continue to be the position of the Republican Party.

Mr. Raymond never deviated from the views expressed in this memorable speech.

No part of Mr. Raymond's public career provoked more controversy and opposition than his course in Congress, and the part he took in the Philadelphia Convention. In both he was singularly misjudged. He was elected in the Fall of 1864 to the Thirty-ninth Congress, from the Sixth Congressional District of this City, and took his seat on the 4th of December, 1865. His course was that of a moderate Republican. Though allied by strong conviction with the Republican Party, he was never, in the strict sense of the word, a party man, and never surrendered to party the supreme right of private judgment on all questions, whether of principle or policy. Unable, frequently, to go with the Republican Party on all questions, he incurred the charge of political in-

consistency,—so often and so recklessly brought against public men of independent thought, and never more unjustly than in the case of Mr. Raymond. So far from being fickle and inconsistent, he was, in truth, one of the most consistent and conscientious men that ever took part in public affairs. He was always true to his convictions. His public course was based on the broadest principles of right and justice. Ambition and self-seeking were utterly foreign to his character, and neither exercised the slightest influence on his political course.

Mr. Raymond's Congressional record began with the delivery of his speech against Mr. Stevens' theory of "dead States," on the 22d of December, 1865. He maintained, in opposition to that doctrine, that, as the several ordinances of secession were nullities, the Southern States had never been out of the Union. Holding this view, he would exact of them all necessary guarantees of future loyalty to the Constitution, and for the care and protection of the freedmen. He advised the most rigid scrutiny into the character of the men whom they should send to Congress; but he sought to allay the animosities and mutual jealousies engendered by the war, and deprecated any policy which would tend to keep them alive. His speech in reply to Mr. Shellabarger, Jan. 29, 1866, was conceived in the same spirit; and consistently with these opinions, he opposed the bill reported by Mr. Stevens, from the Reconstruction Committee, to provide Military Governments for the Southern States.

Aside from purely political questions, Mr. Raymond took a very active interest in the ordinary legislation of Congress; and his name is connected with some of the most important bills considered by the body of which he was a member.

The Philadelphia Convention, held Aug. 14, 1866, enlisted his warm support. Impressed with the belief that Congress did not fully represent the wishes of the country, in respect to the various questions involved in the reorganization of the Southern States, he favored the plan of a direct appeal to the people. This view he held in common with eminent members of the Republican Party, and this formed the groundwork of the Address and Declaration of Principles, which he drew up and which were unanimously adopted by the Convention. But the movement was misunderstood by Republicans. A compromise, involving the surrender of some vital principle was suspected; and as few Republican journals lent it their support, it failed to exert a permanent influence on the party.

On the expiration of his term, Mr. Raymond, having declined the renomination that was pressed upon him by prominent men of both parties, withdrew almost wholly from public life, and devoted all his energies to the conduct of his paper. He was offered the Mission to Austria by President Johnson in 1867; but his name was sent to the Senate without his consent, and after he had notified the President that no considerations could induce him to accept the position. Mr. Raymond has frequently said to the writer of this sketch that he felt journalism to be his true vocation. He had no love for political life. Its honors held out no lure for his ambition. He was fond of travel, and last Summer made a third visit to Europe. It should have been mentioned previously, that in the Summer of 1859 Mr. Raymond visited Europe for the second time, and while in Italy witnessed the short and decisive campaign of the French against the Austrians. His account of the battle of Solferino, written on the spot during the progress of the action, was dispatched by a special courier to Havre, in season to catch the earliest mail for New York, where it arrived several days in advance of the English accounts.

A short time since Mr. Raymond accepted the chairmanship of the Union Republican General Committee; but seeing no object in continuing two organizations in the party, he soon withdrew from the position in the hope of promoting harmony.

Mr. Raymond, as already stated, was in no sense of the phrase a party man, nor even a politician, as that term is generally understood. He stood above party, and claimed the right to survey national affairs from the stand-point of his own convictions. His tastes were cultivated and liberal, and his studies embraced a wide range of subjects. He was a large reader, and combined with this the rarest qualities of a thinker and reasoner. Few men, even among practiced writers for the daily Press, had the readiness in composition that distinguished him. None was ever more quick to seize the right point of a subject and give it expression with ease, clearness and vivacity. He wrote with extraordinary facility on every subject that came up for discussion in the paper; and could be light and playful or weighty and profound, as the nature of the topic required.

Absorbed in the duties of his profession, Mr. Raymond found but little leisure for literary labors in other fields. His only book was a biography of Abraham Lincoln, first published in 12mo, in 1864, and republished the following year so much en-

larged as to be almost a new work. Besides this, his publications have been a few political speeches and literary orations. At one time he meditated a history of his own life and times, which he intended to be a vindication of his political course; but it was never begun.

Mr. Raymond was almost as well known as a public speaker as an editor, and possessed singular power over an audience. It was not merely in the personal magnetism of the man, but in the force of his reasoning, the lucidity of his illustrations, and the logical arrangement of his thoughts. His manner was easy and conversational, his enunciation rapid but distinct, his voice clear and resonant. The mere announcement that he was to speak, on any subject, was always sufficient to draw an audience.

We cannot close this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of a large life without some reference to Mr. Raymond's relations to his associates in the paper. He was invariably kind, just, forbearing and liberal; always even tempered, and never exacting. If he had occasion to find fault, it was done as if against his will. He was sometimes vexed, but no one ever saw him in a passion, while he was always ready to receive explanations and listen to excuses. And, while he won the friendship of all his associates, he commanded their highest respect. Everyone who had personal relations with him, was impressed with his sincerity and disinterestedness, and with the high moral courage with which he faced party opposition, and refused to follow or be driven where his convictions did not lead him. At the same time he was never dogmatic nor obstinate. While he never surrendered principle, he was sometimes content to give way to others on questions of mere policy. Always lenient in judging political opponents, he never countenanced acerbity of criticism in the columns of his paper, and no man did more than he to elevate the tone of journalism in this country.

The last leader from Mr. Raymond's pen that appeared in the columns of the *Times* was that on Mr. Seward. It was published last Thursday morning.

Mr. Raymond passed the afternoon previous to his death in Green-Wood, making arrangements for the interment of his son Walter's remains, and called at the office of the *Times* about 6 o'clock in the evening. After a few minutes' conversation with the writer of this sketch, on matters pertaining to the business of the paper, he returned home. After dinner he sat with his family and some friends who came in until between 9 and 10 o'clock, when he

left them to attend a political consultation; and his family saw no more of him until he was discovered, about 2:30 next morning, lying in the hall-way unconscious and apparently dying. He had locked the outside door and shut the inner one, and was then apparently stricken with the malady that closed his life. The most eminent medical aid was at once summoned, and the utmost that science and skill could do were done in vain. He remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about 5 o'clock in the morning.

OUR DECEASED FRIEND AND CHIEF.

THE *Times* has suddenly lost its founder, who was also its Editor-in-Chief to the day of his death.

The grief that overwhelms his associates, as well as the members of his family circle, — it were in vain, as it were out of place, to attempt to dwell upon here.

Mr. Raymond's relation to journalism and politics during the last quarter of a century is known sufficiently well to make it unnecessary for the present writer to say much on this point. Entering upon a journalistic career in early life, and at a time when the power and importance of the American Press were far less than what they are now, he at once took a leading part in elevating its position and enlarging its influence. All his vivacity, enterprise, energy and genius were brought to his editorial duties; and so were his skill, knowledge of affairs and scholarship. With great original powers, which were enlarged and cultivated not only by collegiate studies, but by literary research and extensive inquiry, — with a fresh and original style of thought and expression, — with the most remarkable intellectual equipoise and self-command, — with the noblest of motives and highest of aims, — he applied his life to journalism. It is beyond our power to estimate how greatly his editorial labors have influenced public opinion, the public Press, and the conduct of public affairs: — but we believe that the scope and measure of his influence, as well as its beneficent character and results, have been worthy of journalism in the most exalted view of its purpose. In his more direct connection with legislation and the affairs of State, he displayed the same characteristics as appeared in his editorial course. Though youthful in years when elected to the Legislature, (of which he was chosen speaker,) and subsequently to the Lieutenant-Governorship, (which made him President of the Senate,) he soon showed himself possessed of extraordinary ability as a parlia-

mentarian, debater, and administrator. Always ready, always temperate, always self-possessed, always clear-headed and sagacious, always courageous, always of the most perfect integrity and honor, political as well as personal, always free from petty ambition, and incapable of petty or selfish intrigue, always magnanimous and generous, always the true gentleman, — he stood in the foreground of State politics, and showed himself worthy of his place. In later years, when in Congress, with more matured powers and larger experience, he approached with statesmanship the great questions of the day; and though, at that time, our politics were characterized by the wildest party excitement and the bitterest personal exacerbations, he never lost his independence, his courage, or his temper. For conciliation between the warring factions of the party, — for conciliation between the yet warring sections of the country, — for conciliation between the administrative and legislative branches of the Government, — he labored constantly and pleaded eloquently and earnestly. As one of the founders of the Republican Party, and one of its foremost leaders, — as one of the ablest and staunchest upholders of the Government during the war, — he sought to subserve the party's interests, but, still more he sought to subserve the country's interests, by the adoption of a policy of magnanimity toward the South which should again bring together the whole American people in the ancient bonds of union, fraternity and glory. It is not for us at this time, or for any man at this time, to estimate the value of his course; but certain we are, that it was inspired by the highest sentiments, and the noblest motives that ever led any man, or any statesman, to earnest labor for the service of his country.

But it was not the present purpose to attempt anything like a judgment or an eulogium of the public career of our deceased friend and chief. We would rather say a word of him as he was intimately known to us in the relation of chief and friend. A more genial or attractive manhood, a better rounded character, a warmer and truer friend, a more sympathetic and kindly nature, or one more generous and just, we never knew. Amid all the trials of editorial life, he never lost his suavity of disposition. To all his associates and subordinates, — whether those employed by his side or those engaged in the humblest duties of the establishment, — he was invariably amiable and considerate, — kindly studying their interests, delicately respecting their feelings, and aiding in their advancement

as though they were members of his own household. So even and perfect was his temper, that but the other day he referred, as if it were a serious fault, to the fact that he was "never in a passion in his life, and never had seen anything in the world that it was worth while to get angry about." His friendships were close and abiding. To the day of his death he retained the friends of his youth, and amid all the vicissitudes of life and circumstance, of parties and politics, of personal fortune or public position, he never permitted ought to interfere with his esteem for those to whom he had once been attached. His sympathetic generosity toward the needy and friendless will be best appreciated by those who were its objects; but we may say that only those who knew him well could credit his long-suffering patience, through years and years, with the innumerable applicants for his help and bounty. Pleasant are the many memories which now gather around him; but pleasantest of all are the memories of his charities and his beneficence and his goodness. Nor did his sympathetic humanity merely assume a personal direction. For all the struggles of the oppressed and down-trodden,—for all the efforts of the laboring classes, or of the still poorer and more helpless classes, to elevate themselves or improve their lot in life,—he had a lively and earnest interest. Let there be an appeal to the higher feelings of man's nature, in behalf of any object which his judgment approved, and his response was quick. Not only were his mental faculties balanced in the most marvelous manner, but the balance between his intellect and his feelings was still more remarkable. In forming judgments on questions of public policy, his faculties of perception, reason, causation and relation, instantly ranged themselves for the task; and in coming to conclusions on questions of right and humanity, his heart was ready as his thought, but quicker and more active in its movements. The result of this perfect balance, in its twofold order, was just instinct and just conduct,—justice in his own life and in his relations with his fellowmen. No consideration whatever could ever sway him from the course of integrity and honor. As a journalist, no man ever dared approach him with a corrupt or dishonest proposition. He was as incapable of being reached by the temptations of place and power as by the vulgar temptation of lucre. In journalism, he sought success only by the ways of honesty and justice. Through the very simplicity and transparency of his nature, he was frequently misunderstood; and circumstances were

often thought to be the result of his design when he was even unaware of the means by which they were brought about. Those who best knew his life and character know that he was utterly incapable of conceiving anything in the shape of what is called a scheme, either political or personal; and he often smiled at hearing that he had set in motion the intricate machinery that had brought about projects of whose origin and very existence he was unconscious. In fact, we never knew a man more completely guileless, or whose life and character better illustrated the virtues of a true and ingenuous manhood.

His conversation with those to whom he was attached had a wonderful charm. In youth he had been a close student of literature and philosophy; he had enjoyed opportunities of extensive travel; he had possessed the acquaintance and friendship of many of the most distinguished men in this and other countries; and he had the peculiarly valuable knowledge of affairs which is only acquired by intimate relations with them. Though of late years, he occasionally showed some impatience with metaphysical speculations, he always sought to grasp the principle that lay at the foundation of the actual or the apparent, and his logical habit demanded the reason and the sequence of whatever presented itself. Hence his conversation was singularly rich and attractive; and at times of quiet and leisure, his monologues would, unconsciously to himself, assume the shape of closely-concatenated, admirably-illustrated discourses. Humor went along with pathos, reason with fancy, and philosophy and experience gave weight and value to his words. In other directions, as, for example, in his reminiscences of public life, public men, and journalistic incident, he was eminently happy and vivacious; and no one who ever heard will ever forget his sketches of the old days of journalism, or of the scenes of other times, in which figured Webster and Clay, and, still later, Lincoln and Douglas, beside Seward and many other notable public characters still living. We make note at this time, and in this place of matters like these,—because few of the readers of this journal, and few even of those who enjoyed his outside acquaintance, have ever had occasion to know anything of those more intimate personal traits which made him beloved as a friend, as well as admired for his intellect and character.

In the midst of a great and honorable career,—after having attained a distinguished position,—while yet his life was in its prime, and his faculties were in their full

strength and order,—he has been suddenly cut off. During the last year or two, he has had at times slight indications of what seemed a paralytic tendency in the muscles of his right hand and wrist. But he gave little attention to the matter, and continued actively engaged in his editorial duties up to within a few hours of the time at which his life closed.

And now, with all the memories and affections of the past,—with our hearts overwhelmed with grief,—and mingling our tears with those of the bereaved members of his family,—in the name of all his associates, we utter to our beloved friend this last FAREWELL!

“Vale, Vale, in æternum vale!”

[*The New York Evening Mail.*]

THE peculiarity of Mr. Raymond's mind was its even balance and judicial cast. It has been urged against him that he was not a man of convictions. In the sense of grasping one view of a subject, or of an idea, or of a policy, to the exclusion in importance of every other view, it is true Mr. Raymond was not a man of convictions. It was impossible for him to be an enthusiast or radical reformer or agitator. He could not help seeing all sides of a subject, its limitations as well as its inclusions. He once said to a friend: “When I write a sentence I can't help seeing, before I get to the end of it how only partially true it is.” This temper of mind was mistaken by many people for that of a “trimmer.” It was, on the contrary, evidence of a mind judicial, and true to its own interior convictions, a mental conscientiousness. This conscience Mr. Raymond always displayed in his editorial functions. The objection he was most likely to make to an article submitted to him by one of his subordinate editors was, “You go a little too far; I hardly think your position true and sound.” He was never known to dictate to his journalistic staff opinions which they must express in opposition to their own views. His custom has been to not even give suggestions to the *Times* editorial writers, but to leave each to write what he thought fit, and the article done and handed to him, he would insert it or not as he thought proper. Of course, as a matter of fact, he has had about him men whose articles he knew, by experience, he could publish. To all of these gentlemen he was invariably courteous, though generally reserved, and, perhaps, uncommunicative. But no one of them ever appealed justly to his liberality in vain. With one or two of those who had

been associated with him for many years, he was on terms of familiar intimacy—as familiar intimacy as was possible for his generally reserved nature—and with them he was free in his confidence and generous in his friendship. Those who knew Mr. Raymond best are they who most highly honored his purity of purpose, honesty, conscientiousness and extraordinary mental capacity. With all his employes he was exceedingly liberal so far as compensation for literary work was concerned, and in the consideration of personal trials and individual circumstances. Mr. Raymond never assumed superiority or used dictatorial authority. He was always a gentleman.

Perhaps no editor was ever more aware of his responsibilities to the public, and of the dignity of his profession. To him a paper was not the organ of an individual, to fight his battles and advance his interests. It was a great institution, an organ of opinion and influence, responsible to the public, above persons and parties. He had a great disgust and contempt for the pettinesses of journalism. He shrank from “sensations.”

In Mr. Raymond's position, as the editor of a powerful paper, he was brought in contact with men in such a way that their weaknesses, vanities, follies, selfishnesses, and cunning were freely displayed to him. It is no wonder that he sometimes grew ashamed of his kind, and sometimes queried whether, after all, there was anything like patriotism or truth or honor in our political leaders; that he was tired of political struggles. But he never lost his own balance of the scales of truth. Those who did not know him may have thought differently—and we know there were many who did think differently—but we do not hesitate to say, that there was not another editor in the country whom it was more impossible to sway by false and interested considerations than the editor of the *New York Times*. There are some who have had a higher popular reputation for honesty, but those who have been brought into association with Mr. Raymond know that he was almost unequalled in his professional integrity.

[*The New York Evening Post.*]

MR. RAYMOND possessed remarkable talents, great versatility, and extraordinary powers of application to intellectual labor of any kind to which he chose to apply himself. He came to this City a friendless youth, and made himself a place here by sheer hard work, and by the skill and tact he developed in conducting the journals

with which in the beginning of his career he was connected. When he established the *Times*, it was believed by many persons that the enterprise of publishing in New York a new morning journal would fail; but Mr. Raymond made of the *Times* an influential journal, of large circulation, which has long been well established. As a journalist, Mr. Raymond was noted for excellent tact, and for a pleasant and clear style and manner of treating the questions of the day. As he was a gentleman in his manners and language, so he looked to it that his journal should avoid those rude and harsh ways of speech which some of our newspapers still practice; and that in its discussions of principles it should not descend to personalities.

As a public man, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Speaker of the Assembly and member of Congress, Mr. Raymond excited at times strong opposition, from an unconquerable aversion to the trammels of party, and a habit of mind which led him to imagine that he saw good on both sides, and thus to appear often vacillating in his course. Mr. Raymond himself, we believe, recognized this as an infirmity of his mind, and of late believed himself unfit, with comfort to himself, to take the prominent part in politics to which earlier in life he doubtless aspired. His political course sometimes led his opponents to accuse him of perfidy, and to attack him as moved by self-interest; but there is no reason to believe that his votes or arguments were ever controlled by any consideration but what, at the time, he believed to be for the best interests of the country.

Personally, Mr. Raymond was social, of most agreeable manners, and a favorite even with the men who disliked his public course. He was a faithful friend; and was often controlled by his sympathies, and by the power of old friendships and a simple faith, singular in so generally shrewd a man, that the men whom early in life he had been taught to look up to, were still entitled to influence him and have their judgments accepted by him. Whatever men may think of Mr. Raymond's course as a politician, he deserves the credit of having always endeavored to make political discussion friendly, and not acrid, and to lead men to believe that both sides are sincere, and that all arguments should be carried on in a friendly and gentlemanly manner.

[*The New York Commercial Advertiser.*]

Mr. RAYMOND has left an impress upon the age that will long be felt. He possessed great industry, courage, and a strong will. He had been carefully educated, and he showed always the peculiar force and culture of a well-trained mind. He gave to journalism a new character, and widened its field. In the early days of the Republican Party, and in the stormy period which immediately preceded its organization, Mr. Raymond was a bold and determined and outspoken leader. His voice gave no uncertain tone, and he showed that he had convictions, and that they were of the most positive character. In these later years he has been, at times, less pronounced and decided. He followed what he regarded as truth honestly, but it often led him temporarily away from those with whom he had acted. Still, however, much as he was condemned by other organs or speakers in the Republican Party, he kept on his way, true to the general faith that the party avowed, and true to the interests of humanity and liberty. Mr. Raymond was much admired by Mr. Lincoln, and was often consulted by him. He was a vigorous advocate of the late war, and sustained the policy of the Administration. As a writer, Mr. Raymond possessed singular facility of diction and keenness of utterance. It was impossible for his pen to utter a weak thing. He was a hard fighter, and many an opponent has had occasion to remember the terrible and determined blows he rained upon them. He was an interesting and impressive speaker. A few years ago he lectured about the country, and always drew large audiences. But it was on the political platform that he was best known, and there he was most at home. He reveled in the excitement of a political contest. We have said that Mr. Raymond gave a new character to journalism in the *Times*. That paper in losing him, loses its directing head. Although its managing and writing men are still there to do the work they have done so well, the strong personality is no more, and the vital and inspiring voice is forever hushed. This community meets with a most emphatic loss in the death of Henry J. Raymond.

From The Saturday Review.
VEITCH'S MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

(Second Notice.)

WHEN we turn from the social, external life of Sir William Hamilton to his intellectual life, we find it full of a peculiar interest. It is, indeed, to the student and the scholar that it most directly appeals. But even the practical and the busy will not look upon this silent and secluded, yet energetic, existence without some of that "loyal respect" by which Mr. Carlyle was touched before his personal acquaintance with Hamilton began. The house on Howe Street, in a fine silent neighbourhood, with a North light which was economized by having no curtains to the study, and quartos lying about on the window-sill, were the outward symptoms of the inhabitant who was gradually revealed to Mr. Carlyle as

a man of good birth, though of small fortune, who had deep faculties, and an insatiable appetite for wise knowledge, who was titularly an advocate, but had no practice, nor sought any; had gathered his modest means thriftily together, and sat down here with his mother and cousin and his store of books, frankly renouncing all ambitions except what I well recognized to be the highest and one real ambition in this dark ambiguous world. (p. 122).

It may perhaps be thought, that the controversy about Sir W. Hamilton's merits is too recent, and has been too unfriendly, to allow an impartial estimate to be made, or, if made, to be attended to. It seems to us that such an estimate is not only possible, but that it has been facilitated by the previous debate. And a true diagnosis of Hamilton's intellect is a full and sufficient answer to the sentence of degradation as a "philosopher," which has been passed upon him since the publication of Mr. Mill's *Examination*.

There have been, nay, even still are, scholars, in the widest sense of the word, men who have a universal acquaintance with the fine literature of all ages. But scholars are usually not only not philosophers, but have a secret aversion to what seems to them the arid and thorny wastes of speculative discussion. Men of the Erasmus type have a horror of metaphysics. On the other hand, the typical metaphysician is seldom a man of much reading. Hobbes, Locke, Reid, Whately, were not scholars,

nay, were content with a very limited knowledge even of what had been written on the subjects they discussed. Minds which have any degree of inventiveness are usually too much enamoured of their own suggestions to care to know what others have thought, as great talkers are apt to be bad listeners. Each type of mind has its weakness. The weak side of the scholar type is, that the scholar omits from his reading the strongest and most original books. The defect of the original thinker is, that he exaggerates the importance of the merely new, attributing a value to that which he excogitates for no other reason than because he has thought it.

The characteristic distinction of Sir W. Hamilton's mind is the equilibrium in which the acquisitive and inventive faculties held each other. No professed metaphysician in our time has known so much of past philosophical opinion. No one so deeply read in philosophical literature has retained so much vigor of judgment and ingenuity of original thought. When occupied upon any subject, it was a necessity of his mind to ascertain all that others had said upon it. His appetite for books was insatiable, and his love for them, for themselves, was great. Yet he never fell into the miser's delusion of substituting the gold for that which the gold can purchase. Books were to him always a means, not an end. He looked upon reading as an aid to thinking, and he read, not to remember, but to know. "My acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton," says De Quincey, "soon apprised me that of all great readers he was the one to whom it was most indispensable that he should react by his own mind on what he read." The intelligence was ever active to vitalize the passive process of reception. What he read he digested and subordinated by the judgment. His logical cast of mind compelled him to place and arrange as he read. He even carried it so far, that, in the study of any subject, he did not read books as he got them, but divided and arranged its points before beginning his researches. Intense attention and thought, the power of referring each thing to its class and place, had been at work in the first process of storing; hence each impression remained clear and distinct, the more recent not obscuring the more remote, but all lay side by side, capable of ready recall and immediate application. This fullness and orderliness of methodical knowledge was specially tested in the class-room on those days when students rose to give voluntary accounts of men or tenets of which no notice had been given previously. This necessity of know-

* *Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veitch, M. A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869. [See LIVING AGE No. 1308.]

ing all that had been thought on a subject before writing on it, was an impediment to the readiness of his pen. When he had once begun to write, he could write with great rapidity, but it was a difficulty to begin. The love of research led him so far that he would amass more material than he could use. Hence his finished productions are few, and are contained entirely in the volume entitled *Discussions*. Even in the papers in this volume there is a great difference in point of elaboration. Out of sixteen articles which the volume contains, only some four or five can be regarded as fully adequate to that ideal of exclusive treatment which the author set always before him, but seldom had the time to exemplify. The articles entitled "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," "Philosophy of Perception," "Logic," "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," besides other merits, may be pointed to as having, for the first time in this country, set the example of writing up to the level of the information extant on the subject.

If this is a just account of Hamilton's mental habit, the censure so commonly passed upon him, that he has added no new truth to philosophy is seen at once to be inappropriate. Instead of denying the truth of the censure, and attempting to refute it by alleging the doctrine of the quantification of the predicate, or any other of his logical theories, we are willing to admit that it may be true. Yet, even admitting that he struck out no new truths, properly so called, the services rendered by Sir W. Hamilton to the cause of philosophy may justly rank with those of the most eminent in its history. His friends and advocates may be well content to rest his claims on what is indisputable—his philosophical learning, in the sense in which it has been explained above. Exhaustive possession, methodical arrangement, and intelligent appreciation, are what is meant by the term "learning." These are precisely the elements in which speculative philosophy in this country, including Scotland, was weak. If we look back to the early years of the century, that generation seems brilliant with the names of poets, thinkers, and talkers of surpassing genius. Strong, masculine, original conception marks even their fragmentary utterances. But knowledge they had none. Anything worthy of the name of study or of work was unknown to them. Hence the want of catholicity of view, the note of provinciality, which we now find in their writings. They see no subject as a whole, but take a magnified view of some of its parts. In our own day we have

another phase of the same mental defect—a defect which almost appears to be a national characteristic, so persistent is it under a variety of forms. The practical readiness with which Englishmen undertake to do, to say, and to teach, without any adequate information of the matter in hand, is strongly marked in our art and literature, and is nowhere more apparent than in our leading philosophical writers. The term in current use well expresses the quality of this staple commodity. It is "thought," and the writer is complimented as a "thinker." Against this tendency of philosophical speculation in this country, which places its ideal in "originality," Sir William Hamilton may be regarded as a reaction and a protest. Instead of that superficial knowledge of the past, and that disdainful attitude towards it, which is the characteristic of "modern thought," he stood up to show that it is only in the light of the past that a true apprehension of the present is possible. For the narrow world of contemporary impression, dignified by the name experience, which bounds the horizon of our "thinkers," Hamilton aimed to substitute the experience of the race, as recorded in books. The conceited neglect of the historical aspect of philosophical questions, throws away the only data for a solution of the questions themselves, as the very terms in which the questions must of necessity be stated depend for their meaning on their history. Hamilton may be justly said, in this respect, to have restored and vindicated the true method of philosophical inquiry. The unlaborious interrogation of consciousness, which had constituted the method of the Scottish philosophy of the last century, sank at once on Hamilton's appearance. For the first time in the history of British speculation an encyclopædic enumeration of the departments of intellectual philosophy, a statement of their mutual relations, and of the questions appropriate to each, were brought forward. This habit of mind has not yet become, as it has in Germany, a law rigorously incumbent on all who undertake to write, but that the existence of such a requirement is no longer unknown among us, even in the walks of speculation, is in great measure due to the precept and example of Hamilton.

In vindicating, however, his merits as a philosophical teacher, and defining their kind, we must be careful not to fall into an exaggeration of their degree. We ought not to correct an exaggerated depreciation by its opposite. When we find so eminent a critic as Mr. John Mill contrasting Hamilton with Whately, and assigning to

Whately the superiority in the origination and diffusion of important thought, it is but justice to point out the partial stand-point from which alone such a judgment is possible. No doubt Whately was, as Mr. Mill says, "an active and fertile thinker." He is also an eminent example of the confusion which is inevitably imported into philosophy by "active and fertile thinking" not grounded on knowledge. Whately's services to logic as an instrument of education should always be gratefully acknowledged. But no competent person ever read Hamilton's article on "Logic" (reprinted in the *Discussions*) without feeling that Whately is a child in the hands of a giant. It is not merely that the one has more reading than the other, but that complete knowledge gives him a mental grasp of the subject which "fertile thinking" can never confer. In Hamilton's article on "Logic" we feel that we are once more on the great highway of philosophical tradition, coming down in steady descent from Aristotle and the Stoics, instead of in the flowery by-paths in which the "thinkers" on logic had lost themselves. In Whately we admire ingenious suggestion on isolated points, and lucid statement of received doctrines. But no sooner do we approach, under Whately's guidance, any of the involved and controverted questions, than we are aware of a confusion of vision and an imbecility of grasp which leave us groping in the dark. The contrast is great indeed with the complete comprehension of Hamilton, in which every difficulty and every question has its proper place assigned to it, and where, though we may admit that problems are not always successfully solved, yet all the recorded solutions are brought up before us for comparison and judgment.

But, in attributing to Hamilton complete knowledge, it may be as well to say we do not intend to attribute universal knowledge. Learning is not omniscience. It is not to detract from any man's honours to say that he is subject to the conditions of humanity, and that he cannot live long enough to possess himself of any of the greater branches of learning. There are limitations to Hamilton's philosophical acquirement, simply because the accumulated stock of historical facts is too great to be appropriated by any memory, however capacious. He does not seem to have been in full possession of the recent German schools—Hegel, Schelling, Fichte. Of Kant he seems to have had more, but not a familiar knowledge. Plato and the Platonists were, to say the least, not so well known to him as Aristotle and his commen-

tators. His knowledge of Aristotle is evidently subject to considerable limitations. He had not the advantage of that vast growth of German monograph which, since Trendelenberg edited the *De Anima*, has illustrated so many dark corners of Aristotelian lore. These are considerable deductions from the whole *cognoscible*, yet there are more to be made. He had studied for the medical profession, and with that view had attended classes in natural philosophy, chemistry, &c. But this was in his youth, and before going to Oxford. Though he was learned in the history of medicine, there is no evidence that the principles of physical inquiry had ever taken hold of his mind. To what extent mathematical processes were familiarly known to him we do not find any direct evidence, but it may be indirectly inferred, from his criticism of Whewell, that he saw in them rather an instrument of mental discipline than an organ of thought. Hamilton's biographer dwells upon the parallel between Hamilton and Leibnitz. The resemblance is one that must occur to every one. Yet Leibnitz's mathematical and physical acquirements not only count as an additional province of knowledge possessed by him, but gave him an undoubted superiority when he turned his mind to metaphysical speculations.

When all these deductions are made, what remains constitutes a vast possession of learning, understanding by the term not mere acquisition, but acquisition impregnated by a living mind, and subordinated to a rational judgment. We cannot trace—his biographer does not attempt—a complete outline of Hamilton's knowledge, but we may indicate its extent by scattered portions of his reading. The literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a favourite study with him. He made collections for the history of Luther, or Luther's opinions—collections which, if published, would occupy a large volume. The constitution and history of European Universities was a subject to which he had devoted much time, and the problems of the higher education were always present to his thought. Of the seventeenth century he perhaps knew less. Yet he had studied the Thirty Years' War, and had lectured upon it, and the theological controversies connected with the names of Petavius, Salmasius, and Blondel, engaged his interest. The modern Latinists, Buchanan, Balde, Sannazaro, Vida, Fracastorio, are familiar to him, and he is reported (by Professor Baynes) to have matched Dr. Parr on one occasion in this field, which Parr had selected for conversa-

tion in the hope to reign alone. He read two papers before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the Greek aorists, in which he is prodigal of reference to the grammarians, Greek and Latin. His Commonplace Book bears witness to a course of reading as varied, inquisitive, and resolute as was ever accomplished by man. In this folio of some 1,200 pages, two-thirds are filled with references on metaphysical topics, and the remaining third with logical references. There are indications in it of the thoughts of the men of nearly all times and nations who have risen above the common routine of life to an interest in the great questions of speculative philosophy. It is not, like most commonplace books, a chaos, but is planned in exactly logical divisions and subdivisions. It must be, from Professor Veitch's account of it, a transcript of Hamilton's own mind, and, we should think, capable of publication. Next to this Commonplace Book his library may be regarded as the reflex of his mental tendencies. He did not collect as a book-collector, but bought for his own uses and necessities. Naturally, the strongest part of the collection was the philosophical. The collection of Logics numbered over 400 volumes, and, in addition to the older and rarer treatises, included every work of importance which had recently appeared at home or abroad. Among the Greek classics appeared a valuable collection of the Scholiasts on Aristotle, bought at Heber's sale in 1834. The collection of modern Latin was also richly stored. Biographies, and, dissertations, mélanges, had been industriously sought out, and there was a special collection of books on the theory and history of education.

In assigning to Hamilton the distinction of being the learned philosopher of this century, we have been careful to include that quality without which learning ceases to have intellectual value — namely, that it be thoroughly informed and governed by the critical faculty. A charge has been pressed against Hamilton which, if proved, would be a serious abatement of his claims to this highest kind of learning, even if it did not compromise them altogether. Mr. Mill has brought forward passages from Hamilton's writings, in which the contradictions and inconsistencies are, or appear to be, irreconcilable with the supposition that he had so far mastered the matter of what he read as to be in possession of a matured and uniform scheme of thought. And this internal contradiction is not confined to subordinate topics, on which the memory may be forgiven if it be treacherous. If there are any principles which Hamilton urges as impor-

tant, and which he considers as characteristic of his philosophy, it is the two doctrines known respectively as the Relativity of Knowledge, and Natural Realism. Nearly all those writers who have commented upon the clash of ideas thus signalized by Mr. Mill in his *Examination* have resigned the seeming contradiction as unmanageable, and have accounted for it in various ways, but all more or less damaging to Hamilton's reputation as a philosopher. Mr. Grote proposed the solution that Hamilton held both the opinions in their natural sense, and enforced them at different times by argument, his attention never having been called to the contradiction between them. Professor Veitch, in an appendix to the *Memoir*, undertakes the position that there is no inconsistency between the two doctrines. The theory called by Hamilton "Natural Realism," conceives us as knowing the external world as it is really and in itself, and the qualities of matter as absolute attributes or modes of a not-self. It is the theory supported by Hamilton in contrast to "Idealism," which conceives what we call the external world as a phenomenon of consciousness, a mode of self to which habit leads us to attribute externality. Natural Realism thus makes us cognizant of absolute qualities. It supposes the mind to have knowledge of an object as it is in itself, and not in relation — of an object which would remain what we know it to be, if our knowing faculty were taken away and annihilated. Thus the human intelligence is in contact with an absolute object. We may well ask, How is this theory reconcilable with that of the Relativity of all knowledge? Professor Veitch's explanation is as follows: — There are two real objects — sensible reality and supersensible reality. Natural Realism asserts or assumes our cognition of sensible reality. The doctrine of Relativity denies our cognition of supersensible reality. There is thus no contradiction between them. Whether or not this be Hamilton's meaning we cannot pretend to say. But if it be so, it seems to leave the inconsistency between the two opinions as wide as ever. Mr. Mill had suggested, in palliation of the discrepancy, that Hamilton had used the phrase Relativity of knowledge in some extremely narrow, or some non-natural, sense; in fact, that he did not hold the tenet of the Relativity of knowledge at all. Professor Veitch's defence of Hamilton consists in adopting for him the other horn of the dilemma. It amounts to saying that Hamilton did not hold the doctrine of Natural Realism in any true sense of the word. Professor Veitch seems to admit that Hamilton did

not consider that we know any object as other than what it appears to be to our faculties. If this be so, what becomes of the antithesis, so much insisted on by Hamilton, between Natural Realism and Idealism?

Should this volume reach a second edition, as we have little doubt it will do, we would suggest for consideration the omission of the Appendix (Note A), the angry polemical tone of which jars not a little unpleasantly with the calm record, and the even tenor, of the life of the student and the scholar.

From The Spectator.

THE POLAR WORLD.*

ABOUT no part of the globe are there popular ideas so vague and superficial as about the Polar regions. For that reason, the very interesting and detailed account presented in this book by Dr. Hartwig of them and of their various forms of animal life, civilized and uncivilized, is the more valuable. Inadequate, indeed, is our appreciation of the immense courage and self-devotion which have been displayed by those, and they are no small number, who have, from the love of science or discovery, or from adventurous zeal for the interests of commerce, dared to face the terrors of the six months' night, at a temperature never so high as the freezing-point of water. Dr. Hartwig, however, has collected and produced in excellent order, and a most readable manner, complete accounts of nearly all the most considerable expeditions in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and has thoroughly succeeded in carrying out his intention to convey solid instruction in an entertaining form.

The book is plentifully illustrated with woodcuts, among which are some remarkable sketches by Frederick Whymper, a distinguished member of the Alpine Club. There are also three sufficiently clear maps, and several drawings of the most interesting specimens of natural history, with a full index to all subjects mentioned in the book.

Some idea of the immense effect of volcanic agency in Iceland, where the ice and snow, melted by the lava, produce tremendous floods, no less destructive than the lava-stream itself, may be gained by reading the description (chapter vi.) of the eruption,

in 1783 of Skapta Jokull, part of which it may be well to give here to our readers:—

"The heat raging in the interior of the volcano melted enormous masses of ice and snow, which caused the river Skapta to rise to a prodigious height; but on the 11th torrents of fire usurped the place of water, for a vast lava-stream breaking forth from the mountain, flowed down in a southerly direction, until reaching the river, a tremendous conflict arose between the two hostile elements. Though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred feet wide, the lava-flood, pouring down one fiery wave after another into the yawning abyss, ultimately gained the victory, and blocking up the stream, overflowed its banks. Crossing the low country of Medaland, it poured into a great lake, which after a few days was likewise completely filled up, and having divided into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again poured on, overflowing in one direction some ancient lava fields, and in another re-entering the channel of the Skapta and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss. But this was not all, for while one lava-flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working similar ruin along the banks of the Hverfisfjot. Whether the same crater gave birth to both it is impossible to say, as even the extent of the lava-flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts. The stream which followed the direction of the Skapta is calculated to have been about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfjot at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. . . . So great was the ruin caused by this one eruption, that in the short space of two years no less than 9,336 men, 28,000 horses, 11,461 cattle, and 190,000 sheep—a large proportion of the wealth and population of the island—were swept away."

The following chapters on the subject of the Icelandic civilization are no less interesting. The poet, Jon Thorlaksen, who at the age of seventy completed a translation of *Paradise Lost*, deserves a greater reputation than it can be hoped his works will attain. It is gratifying to read of the love of literature which is shown by their institutions to exist among a people in whose country travelling is so difficult, and who are so cut off from intercourse with the civilization and education of the European and American continents. The contrast is dismal between them and the superstitious and filthy Lapps, whom it might have been expected that contact with more civilized races would more easily have affected. The following description of the Laplander does not give a very pleasant impression of his appearance:—

"The Lapps are a dwarfish race. On an average, the men do not exceed five feet in

* *The Polar World: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe.* By Dr. G. Hartwig. London; Longmans.

height, many not even reaching four, and the women are considerably less. Most of them are, however, very robust, the circumference of their chest nearly equalling their height. Their complexion is more or less tawny and copper-coloured, their hair dark, straight, and lank, its lankling masses adding much to the wildness of their aspect. They have very little beard, and as its want is considered a beauty, the young men carefully eradicate the scanty supply given them by nature. Their dark piercing eyes are generally deep sunk in their heads, widely separated from each other, and, like those of the Tartars or Chinese, obliquely slit towards the temples. The cheek-bones are high, the mouth pinched close, but wide, the nose flat. The eyes are generally sore, either in consequence of the biting smoke of their huts, or of the refraction from the snow, so that a Lapp seldom attains a high age, without becoming blind. Their countenances generally present a repulsive combination of stolidity, low cunning, and obstinacy. Hogguer, who dwelt several months among them, and saw during this time at least 800 Lapps, found not twenty who were not decidedly ugly; and Dr. Clarke says that many of them, when more advanced in years, might, if exhibited in a menagerie of wild beasts, be considered as the long-lost link between man and ape."

The journeys of Michael Alexander Castren, who died in 1855, form the subject of one chapter, and are of the greatest interest, as showing one instance of the courage required in those who would either collect or impart information in a country in which a winter is considered remarkably mild when no crows are frozen to death.

The description of Siberia, and the history of its conquest, which was indirectly brought about by a merchant of the name of Stroganoff (whose descendants have a European reputation for their wealth), are well worth reading, if only as showing how the acquisition of that immense territory by Russia was achieved mainly through the tact and generalship of Yermak, who at the time he began was a fugitive from the Czar at the head of a horde of Cossacks.

The observations of Middendorf, whose preservation, after being fifteen days alone with only a small hand-sledge, and no other shelter than a rock, in 75 N. lat., and so broken down in health that he had been unable to return with his companions, is little short of a miracle, are of great scientific interest. It will hardly be credited that when the thermometer stood at 69 degrees below freezing-point in the shade, the sunny sides of the hills were dripping with wet. It is worth while to give to our readers his account of the manner in which he was saved:—

"Thus I lay three days, thinking of wretches

who had been immured alive, and grown mad in their dreadful prison. An overwhelming fear of insanity befell me—it oppressed my heart—it became insupportable. In vain I attempted to cast it off—my weakened brain could grasp no other idea. And now suddenly—like a ray of light from heaven—the saving thought flashed upon me. My last pieces of wood were quickly lighted—some water was thawed and warmed—I poured into it the spirits from a flask containing a specimen of natural history, and drank. A new life seemed to awaken in me; my thoughts returned again to my family, to the happy days I had spent with the friends of my youth. Soon I fell into a profound sleep—how long it lasted I know not—but on awakening I felt like another man, and my breast was filled with gratitude. Appetite returned with recovery, and I was reduced to eat leather and birch-bark—when a ptarmigan came within reach of my gun. Having thus obtained some food for the journey, I resolved, although still very feeble, to set out and seek the provisions we had buried. Packing some articles of dress, my gun and ammunition, my journal, &c., on my small hand-sledge, I proceeded slowly, and frequently resting. At noon I saw, on a well-known declivity of the hills, three black spots which I had previously noticed, and as they changed their position, I at once altered my route to join them. We approached each other—and, judge of my delight, it was Trischun, the Samojede chieftain, whom I had previously assisted in the prevailing epidemic, and who now, guided by one of my companions, had set out with three sledges to seek me. Eager to serve his benefactor, the grateful savage had made his reindeer wander without food over a space of 150 versts where no moss grew."

It is useless, however, to attempt even to point out all the subjects of interest in a book of this kind in the space at our disposal. The narratives of the adventurous discoverers, the curious habits of the races with whom they communicated, the ingenuity of the contrivances by which in those latitudes man contrives to provide himself with food, warmth, and shelter, afford subjects without end for the exercise of the power which Dr. Hartwig possesses in an eminent degree of keeping up the interest of his readers, and gratifying a taste for science, natural history, or adventure.

Just at this time there may be some who will be glad to read the account of the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and their neighbors the Cree and Timné Indians. It may not generally be known that Greenland was colonized in 985, by Scandinavians, five hundred years before the time of Columbus, though their colonies were destroyed before the end of the fourteenth century, leaving the ground for rediscovery in 1497 by John and Sebastian Cabot.

A series of expeditions attended with more or less important results were fitted out by England, France, and Holland, of which the principal ones were under the commands of Chancellor (who, after wintering in the White Sea, was drowned in sight of his native shore), Frobisher, and Davis; and in 1610 Henry Hudson discovered, in his third voyage the bay which bears his name. In another chapter we read the accounts of the expeditions of the present century, which recall the not-yet-forgotten names of Franklin, Parry, and Ross. The second part of the book, which describes, as far as they are known, the Antarctic seas, occupies only 80 pages out of 520, and this may almost be said to represent the proportion of our knowledge of the two polar regions. The cold of the Antarctic regions is so intense and the extent of its influence so large, as to render expeditions within the circle much more difficult and perilous, and at the same time less fruitful in results, than those which have been sent to the other end of the world of which we have been speaking. The cause of this is to be found in the absence of any current like the Gulf Stream in the southern seas, and in the more frequent formation and more easy circulation of icebergs, which is the result of the physical formation of the land and the shape of the coastline. The effect of this difference is illustrated by the following facts:—

“Thus the influence of the cold Antarctic waters extends far within the temperate zone. We can trace their chilling effects in Kerguelen Land (50 deg. S. lat.), which, when visited by Cook in the height of summer, was found covered with snow, and where only five plants in flower were collected; in Tierra del Fuego (53 deg. S. lat.), where the mean summer temperature is fully 9.1-2 deg. lower than that of Dublin (53 deg.

21 min. N. lat.); in the Falkland Islands (51 deg. 30 min.), which though flat and low and near Patagonia, have, according to Mr. Darwin, a climate similar to that which is experienced at the height of between one and two thousand feet on the mountains of North Wales, with less sunshine and less frost, but more wind and rain; and finally along the south-west coast of America where the Peruvian current and the cold sea-winds so considerably depress the snow-line, that while in Europe, the most southern glacier which comes down to the sea is met with, according to Von Buch, on the coast of Norway in lat. 67 deg.; the Beagle found a glacier 15 miles long and in one part 7 broad, descending to the sea-coast, in the gulf of Penas in a latitude (46 deg. 50 min.) nearly corresponding with that of the Lake of Geneva.”

In 1775, Cook, in his second voyage, found in South Georgia a climate, and consequent vegetation, or rather desolation, similar to that of Novaya Zemlya or Spitzbergen, though South Georgia is situate in 54 and 55 S. lat., a position corresponding to that of Scarborough or Durham.

It is needless to say that the voyagers of discovery in those waters, though fewer in number, are no less interesting and instructive in detail than those previously described, though perhaps we should point to the chapters on the Straits of Magellan and Patagonia as the most worth reading, and comparing with accounts given earlier in the books of similar districts in a northern latitude. We have said enough to convince our readers that the book is a real acquisition, and well suited alike for old and young, and we hope that the thrilling accounts of what has been gone through by the pioneers of science and commerce in the Polar regions may not be without result in increasing the encouragement and support given to them from home, where, indeed, they have a right to look for it.

The prospect of a ship canal across the American Isthmus appears to be growing clearer, for the treaty which has been negotiated between the Colombian and the United States Governments, concedes to the latter the right to construct a canal to connect the two oceans within any part of the territory of the former. The work is to be commenced within five years, and finished within fifteen years of the ratification of the treaty. With the right the Colombian Government cede six miles of land on each side, the whole length of the canal, and the United States are to have the control for 100 years, the term

proposed for the charter, and Congress will have the power to fix the tolls. The total cost is estimated at one hundred million dollars; we are informed that in time of peace the canal will be open to the vessels of all nations. Considering how greatly it will shorten the voyage to China, Australia and all the ports on the western coast of America, a very abundant traffic may be looked for. A company in New York have offered to make the canal for the Government, in case the authorities at Washington decline to undertake it.

Athenæum.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN INQUISITION.*

A REALLY full and impartial history of the Inquisition, from its first origin in the thirteenth century till it sunk under the crash of the French Revolution into its dishonoured grave, is still a desideratum in our language. The volume by Dr. Harris Rule, which we had occasion to notice last year, suggests the deficiency rather than supplies it. It is difficult for a Protestant to write with any semblance of moderation on the one point of the indictment against Rome where it is next to impossible to exaggerate the facts, and quite impossible to make out even a plausible defence. Least of all could such reserve be expected from a Wesleyan minister who finds the Holy Office prefigured in every chapter of the Apocalypse. The present work is so far more satisfactory that it comes, not from an English Protestant, but from a South American, and apparently a Roman Catholic, born at Santiago, the capital of Chile. He gives us, from the original documents of the Inquisition itself, preserved in the National Library of Lima, a chapter of the history of that institution in the last century — in the days, that is, of its decadence and comparative mildness — so horrible in the bare recital that we wish he had not done his best to weaken its effect by the copious garniture of expletives and tirades which decorates almost every page. It is fair to say that Señor Mackenna has been singularly unhappy in his translator, who may or may not understand the Spanish language, but is conspicuously ignorant of his own. It is weary work to peruse a writer who is always talking about “the *conspiracy of silence*,” the “*sackage of the record office*,” “the amount of *illustration*” — meaning, probably, enlightenment — among the people, and who speaks of “Llorente, the terrible historian of the same institution, of which, by his office, he was the depository of its archives;” not to add that Mr. Duffy has improved upon the sufficiently vituperative comments of his author by a running accompaniment of still more vituperative notes of his own, to point the moral against the “whole of the great body of the clergy of the Catholic Church.” Still, after full allowance has been made for Mr. Duffy’s blundering self-sufficiency, and his almost incredible ignorance of English and, we suppose, of Latin — for hardly a Latin word is quoted that is not misspelt — it is clear

that the best translator could not have made his author other than prolix, pedantic, and wholly deficient in the first rudiments of literary composition. The book reads throughout like the essay of a precocious and absurdly egotistic schoolboy. The dedication to the memory of the first Archbishop of Santiago, who seems to have been a member of the writer’s family, is but an average sample of the execrable abominations of hatred and absurdity, I dedicate with profound and sincere veneration.

To his immaculate virtue, his sublime humility, to his infinite charity and holy teaching, who guided us from our childhood in the path of tolerance and love, eternal base of true religion. These pages, which, by a sad contrast of past times, remind us of the execrable abominations of hatred and absurdity, I dedicate with profound and sincere veneration.

It is only on account of the importance of the subject, which survives in spite of every possible error of taste, style, and method in both author and translator, and the solid basis of authentic testimony on which the story is founded, that we have called attention to a volume in a literary point of view so utterly worthless.

Señor Mackenna tells us that he was led to put together this account of the process against Francisco Moyaen from the original *autos* preserved at Lima, by the appearance of a work in vindication of the Inquisition from the pen of Saavedra, a prebendary of Santiago, and still more by finding that this work was selected by the directors of the Jesuit College at Santiago as a text-book to be read to their pupils during dinner, and had received the express approbation of the authorities of the archdiocese. He adds that the author is affirmed by all who know him to be “a learned man, a famous theologian, and a modest and Christian clergyman,” which makes his uncompromising defence of the Inquisition, as “a natural expression of the nature of Christian society, and of the nature of man,” the more unpleasantly significant as a moral fact. Señor Saavedra is content to trace the origin of the Inquisition to Theodosius the Great, but his critic reminds us that the Peruvian Bermudez had been even bolder in his claim of venerable antiquity, for he informs his readers that “God, as the first *Inquisitor*, tried the cause of Adam.” Saavedra reckons among the advantages of the Inquisition, that it was not only established in defence of the Christian faith and of public order, but also “for the benefit and individual security of the heretics themselves,” and it thus gave to the people a lesson of moderation and humanity, and pointed out to kings the path of mercy!

* *Francisco Moyaen; or, the Inquisition as it was in South America.* By B. Vicuña Mackenna. Translated by J. W. Duffy. London: Sotheran & Co. 1889.

This is rather startling, but one is still more surprised to learn that the Holy Office was a main agent in promoting the revival of literature and science. On that point the ingenious Prebendary shall speak for himself:—

It is said that the Spanish Inquisition operated as an obstacle to science. But history says the contrary, for it was exactly only but a short time after it was established, and during the period of its development and while in its greatest vigour, that the sciences began to flourish, universities were founded, and the art of printing introduced; it encouraged the study of the classics, it favoured poetry and the fine arts, books were imported, men celebrated for their learning were invited from foreign countries, the nobles dedicated themselves to studies which had been for a long time neglected, and throughout Spain there reigned an activity for scientific investigation very remarkable. The epoch in which Spanish literature shone with its greatest splendor was from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, and this likewise was the period in which the Inquisition displayed its greatest energy and power. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Fr. Luis de Leon, Solis, Santa Teresa, Luis de la Puente, Rivadeneira, and the three greatest historians of Spain, Pulgar, Zurita and Mariana, belonged to this time, and their works were printed with the licence of the Inquisition.

This is a curious parody of the old argument, *post hoc, propter hoc*. For the Spanish Inquisition is gravely maintained to have originated the very movement which it was established for the purpose of repressing, and which it did so successfully repress that for theology, science, history, and, in fact, all but the lightest literature, which alone could escape suspicion of heresy, Spain, during the period of its power, has no single name to show. Senor Mackenna may well observe that it would be as reasonable to trace freedom of thought and of the press to the action of the Roman Index, or to say that the gag was invented to increase our facility of speech. We will not say with him that poor Saavedra's "vertiginous ravings are unfathomable," because we have no taste for sublimated Billingsgate; but one is certainly rather taken aback to hear a cathedral dignity in the nineteenth century openly defending the capital punishment of heretics on the Scriptural ground that God ordained it in the Mosaic law, and that our Lord told Pilate that his power over life and death was given him from on high. After this we are prepared to learn that torture is also a natural right which may be defended both on philosophical and historical grounds, and that exhuming the bones

of dead heretics in order to stew their ashes on the burning pile gave "a salutary example" by inspiring in people's minds a greater detestation of the crime. It appears from an extract in the Appendix that the delation of heretics was accounted, under the sway of the Inquisition, one of the first of Christian duties; and that the first inquiry of a confessor to his penitent was as to his knowledge of any heretics. Indeed this edifying question seems only recently to have gone out of fashion in South America, if we may judge from the following note:—

We have already mentioned that Stevenson had declared that he took from the secret archives of the Inquisition at Lima various denunciations of heretics made by their own confessors, but apart from this there exists at the present time a respectable gentleman in Santiago, who, having confessed himself in Lima, in 1817, when he was only seventeen years old, found himself obliged to hold a profound theological discussion with his confessor, who was a Father Porras, of St. Domingo, respecting whether he ought to denounce or not the ill-fated and clever Chilean Don Joaquin Eynara, at that time banished to Lima, and a great admirer of Voltaire and the French philosophers.

Father Porras, however, did not press the point, as the Holy Office had been abolished five years before.

We are not going to follow the author through the loathsome details of the capture and inhuman treatment of Francisco Moyen, a young Frenchman, seized on the idlest pretexts, and kept twelve years in the prisons of the Inquisition of Lima, when he was finally declared *innocent*, and sentenced to ten years more imprisonment in the dungeons of the Holy Office at Seville! Happily a shipwreck on the way to Spain released him from his lingering martyrdom. If our readers wish to know the kind of charges which the Inquisitors were unanimous in regarding as proof of formal heresy, we may mention that one of them was his calling a mule—which has no soul—"a creature of God," and another, his saying that, "in *Ave Maria*, it should not be The Lord is with thee, but The Lord was with thee." Among the forty counts of the indictment against him, of which these are fair samples, there were, however, two of a more serious nature, which evidently contain the real explanation of the treatment he received. We will give them as they stand in the *autos*, with the accompanying decree of his judges:—

XV. THE PONTIFFS.

Upon another occasion, in the presence of

various persons, the said accused repeated the same proposition as in the last charge, added that the Pope canonized, or did any other thing for the sake of money, because it is known that his Holiness does not canonize many that are canonizable, because there is no money forthcoming.

They said they were agreed: that the first part of the charge had the same censure as the one antecedent, and that the second part contained scandalous doctrine, temerarious, heretically blasphemous and formally heretical, and injurious to the Pontiffs and to the Church, constituting the accused a heretical blasphemer, and formally a heretic.

XXXIV.—THE LUXURY OF THE CLERGY.

The accused, in conversation about the ecclesiastics, several times spoke of them in general in a mocking and disrespectful manner, particularly of the pomp and ostentation of the Senors Bishops, Archbishops, and the Holy Pontiff, wondering that they rode in rich coaches and had large incomes, when St. Peter and the other Apostles and Evangelists went about covered with poor clothing, asking alms and preaching the Gospel.

They said they were agreed: that this charge contained scandalous doctrine, offensive *piarum aurium*, insulting the Pontiffs, to the Ecclesiastical Prelates, and to the State; temerarious, partaking of the heresy of Wickliff, and constituting the accused vehemently suspected in the faith and of the Wickliffian heresy.

The Appendix contains some painfully instructive extracts from the manual of Inquisitors used in Spain and Portugal, most of which, however, were given in Dr. Rule's volume already noticed in our columns. The revolting hypocrisy of "earnestly beseeching" the civil authorities not to punish the heretics delivered into their hands is expressly recognized and enjoined. The sole ground for this injunction is, that otherwise the judges would incur "irregularity" by the old Canon Law. Any civil officer who had acted on the formal recommendation to mercy would have thereby incurred suspicion of heresy himself, and have been dealt with accordingly. Yet Prebendary Saavedra is silly or audacious enough to appeal to this hypocritical formality in proof of the merciful character of the Inquisition. Those who wish to gain some acquaintance with a code of rules drawn up with admirable sagacity not so much to secure the conviction of the guilty as to preclude the escape of the innocent, will do well to study the extracts given here. One specimen passage from the chapter on the kind of testimony to be received against those accused of heresy is all we can find room for here. It will probably be enough for the digestion of ordinary readers:—

1st. In causes of heresy with respect to the faith, the testimony of the excommunicated is received, as also that of the accomplices of the accused, of the *infamous*, of the criminals accused of any crime whatever, in short, also that of heretics; always provided that these testimonies are against the accused but never in their favour.

2. The testimony of *false witnesses* against the accused is also admitted; so that should a false witness retract his first declaration favourable to the accused, the judge must attend to the second. This law is peculiar to the process against heretics, because in the ordinary tribunals it is the first declaration that is valid. It is to be understood that the second declaration is only of value when it is to the prejudice of the accused; should it be in their favour, the judge must only admit the first. Let us suppose, for example, that So-and-so has said that the priests were the inventors of purgatory, and afterwards denies his accusation, the first declaration will remain good, notwithstanding the posterior retraction, if in case that the second declaration weakens the force of the first; and he that retracts must be punished for being a false witness. The judge must be careful not to give too much credit to such retractions, because in that might result the impunity of heresy.—*Directory and Annotations*, book iii. note 122.

3rd. Against the accused is also admitted the declaration of domestic witnesses, that is, of his wife, of his children, of his relations and servants, but *never in his favour*; and thus it has been ordered because these declarations are of much weight.—*Directory*, part iii. question 70.

4th. It is an opinion agreed to by all moralists that in causes of heresy a brother can declare against a brother, and a son against his father. Father Simancaes wished to exempt from this law the father and the children, but his opinion is not admissible, because it would render erroneous the most convincing reasons, which are, that we ought to obey God in preference to our fathers, and that if it is lawful for one to take away the life of his father when he becomes an enemy to his country, how much more ought he to denounce him when he becomes guilty of the crime of heresy? A son, accuser of his father, does not incur the penalties fulminated by the law against the children of heretics, and this is the premium for his declaration.—*In premium delationis*, *Annot.* book ii. note 12.

One word more, and we have done. The *Tablet* the other day made itself very merry—for to the Ultramontane mind heretic-burning is one of the liveliest topics of amusement—over the alleged discovery of the calcined remains of former victims of the Inquisition at Madrid, which it declared to be simply "the *débris* of an old building." Our contemporary gives no authority for its contradiction of the received account, and its own reputation for

accuracy is not such as to enable its readers to dispense with proof. But the writer must be perfectly aware that it is not really of the slightest consequence whether or not the particular relics dug up at Madrid were the charred bones of heretics, for of the fact of their being immolated by wholesale there can be no shadow of a doubt. The simple fact that Torquemada alone burnt 8,000 of them at the lowest computation, and over 10,000 according to the more common reckoning, besides torturing and imprisoning some 90,000 more, is sufficiently eloquent without any additional illustration from the spectacle of exhumed corpses.

To say that "it was the work of the State, not of the Church" is a mere subterfuge, though De Maistre originated it. The Spanish Government no doubt utilized the Inquisition for its own purposes, but it used an instrument ready made and put into its hands by the Church, and which has existed equally in every other Catholic country, the Roman States included, where the ecclesiastical authorities could get their way. In South America, as Mackenna tells us, it held its own, not by the good-will of the State, but in spite of it, though the civil power was none the less compelled to obey its behests and do its bloody work.

IMPROVED BLASTING POWDERS.—Two new blasting powders are at present attracting attention in America, the one being Hafenegger's explosive powder, and the other a compound of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, called dualine. It appears that dynamite does not give satisfaction except in very sound rock, and that when used where there are seams or fissures a large proportion of the power is lost. The dualine does not seem, the *Mining Journal* says, to have been yet tested; but the trial of the Hafenegger explosive powder has proved very satisfactory. Among the experiments made was one consisting of breaking up a rock of irregular shape, 40 feet long, 25 feet high, and 20 feet wide, which rested in a bed of sand where the tide washed entirely round it. The hole, 1 3-4 inches diameter and 10 feet deep, drilled weeks before, had filled with water from the pouring of the surf over the entire rock. The water being entirely swabbed out, a 13-8 inch cartridge, several feet long, was inserted, containing the strong, or No. 1 powder. Into this, by means of a funnel and tube, was poured the liquid which renders the dry powder explosive. Top of this was placed a small charge of the weak powder, which, by the power of its concussion, breaks the cartridge containing the strong powder, and exposes it to the fire which ignites the strong powder. No tamping was used. A red-wood plug was inserted, grooved on one side to admit the common safety-fuse used to explode powder No. 2. The charge was placed in about the centre of the rock, the body of which is composed of hard cretaceous sandstone, bound partly by quartz. Seams were rent through the entire mass. But a small portion was broken fine or thrown to any great distance, although the rock was well fractured in the centre, the largest pieces—some of them of nearly twenty tons weight—were thrown from the edge. The rock is supposed to have contained about 1,600 tons. Parties who have visited the largest rock since the blast, at very low tide, say a considerable

portion is imbedded in sand, but that it was completely broken through. It is questionable whether 100 lb. of blasting powder could have been made to do equal execution to that wrought by the single charge of strong powder. To have done the work with common powder would have required at least ten times the amount of drilling, and it is the time and cost of drilling rather than the consumption of powder, that renders blasting operations expensive.

Public Opinion.

AFTERNOON COSTUME RECITALS.—Under this designation an entertainment peculiarly meeting the requirements of those who delight in the higher forms of dramatic literature, but who scrupulously abstain from visits to the theatre, has been arranged at the St. George's Hall, Regent-street. The programme as at present constituted comprises some judicious selections from "Macbeth," "King John," "As You Like It," and the "Hunchback," the chosen scenes from each play being illustrated with appropriate accessories, and the personages represented being embodied by competent interpreters of the text. Thus Mr. Ryder, a recognized elocutionist of high repute, delivers the speeches of Macbeth, Hubert, and Master Walter; whilst Miss Bouverie, who made a favourable impression last summer at the Haymarket, represents Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, Lady Constance, and Julia. The other characters connected with the portions of the four plays selected find efficient supporters in Miss Augusta Wilton, Miss Blanche Wilton, and Mr. Gaston Murray. As a very near approach to the completeness of a theatrical performance, this entertainment given at a conveniently early hour, ought to commend itself to a large class who desire to find a happy compromise between the reading-desk and the stage.